TORONTO SATURDAY NIGHT.

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Around Town.

The death of Archbishop Lynch, at an age verging on the patriarchal, removes one of the most potent and widely-known figures in the ecclesiastical world of Ontario. The proximate cause of his death was congestion of the lungs, a malady which, even under the most favorable circumstances, is attended with great danger, and which in the case of a man who has passed the allotted term of three score and ten, is almost necessarily fatal. In the case of the deceased prelate the complication was brought on, as it is said, by persistent, unremitting hard work in connection with the affairs of the various dioceses committed to his charge. Although the venerable Archbishop was "old and full of years," and although it has long been known that he was subject to some of the infirmities incidental to advanced life, his death came upon the public very much like a surprise. His form was a familiar one on our streets, and up to within a few days of his final prostration he was known to be assiduous, and even active, in the performance of his official functions. When it was announced that he had resigned those functions forever, and that the place which has so long known him would know him no more, there was a general feeling throughout this community that his co-religionists had sustained a grievous, though perhaps not an irreparable loss.

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The man who sets out early in life with a definite end in view, and who succeeds in fully realizing his own ideal, may fairly be regarded as blessed beyond the average lot of humanity. In this respect the deceased Archbishop must be held to have been signally fortunate. The writer of these lines has a clear and vivid remembrance of a long conversation held with him a few years since, in the course of which the venerable ecclesiastic spoke with quiet freedom of the aspirations of his youth, of the trials and hindrances of his middle life, and of the hopes and anticipations of his declining years. That these communications were made in all sincerity and good faith, the writer has never had any reason to call in question; nor does he presume to call them in question at the present time, when the voice that gave utterance to them is hushed in the stillness of the grave.

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When John Joseph Lynch was a poor and well-nigh friendless lad in his early teens, he marked out for himself a distinct course of life, which, through all the subsequent years, he steadfastly pursued to the end. It is perhaps not quite correct to say that he marked out this course for himself. At all events, he implicitly believed that it had been marked out for him by a higher power. He conceived that he had been specially appointed to a definite line of action, and, with implicit reliance upon Heaven's decrees, he entered upon the work prescribed for him. He traced the finger of his Maker in every subsequent passage of his life, and considered that he had been nothing more than a passive, albeit a willing instrument in the hands of the Most High. The life of a missionary priest is inevitably attended by manifold perils and vicissitudes. Of these, Father Lynch endured his full share. But in all emergencies he felt that he was carrying out the will of his Master, and that he was mere clay in the hands of the potter. Should Heaven demand it of him, he held his life a willing sacrifice, feeling assured that the sacrifice would not be in vain, and that a recompense awaited him at the other end of the dark valley. In any case, it was not for him to question the will of Heaven, without which neither plague nor danger, neither pestilence nor famine, could have any power over him. When he came within a hair's-breadth of being engulfed beneath the rushing waters of the Mississippi at New Orleans: when he suffered shipwreck off the wildest part of the Texan coast: when he inhaled the fœtid poison of the death-laden atmosphere of the Missouri seminary: when he passed through these and other situations of almost equal peril, he preserved an even mind, confidently believing that, whatever happened, all was well with him.

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In these days of scepticism and free thought, when nothing is taken upon trust, and when everybody is called upon to give a logical reason for the faith (or unfaith) that is in him, such an implicit reliance upon a Higher Power is worthy of something better than a shallow sneer. A faith like this surely counts for something, even with respect to affairs which are merely temporal. Those to whom such a possession is denied may question the stability of its foundation, but even they cannot deny that it is a potent factor in human affairs. It is a true and deep saying, apart altogether from its spiritual application, that "faith is the substance of things hoped for—the evidence of things not seen."

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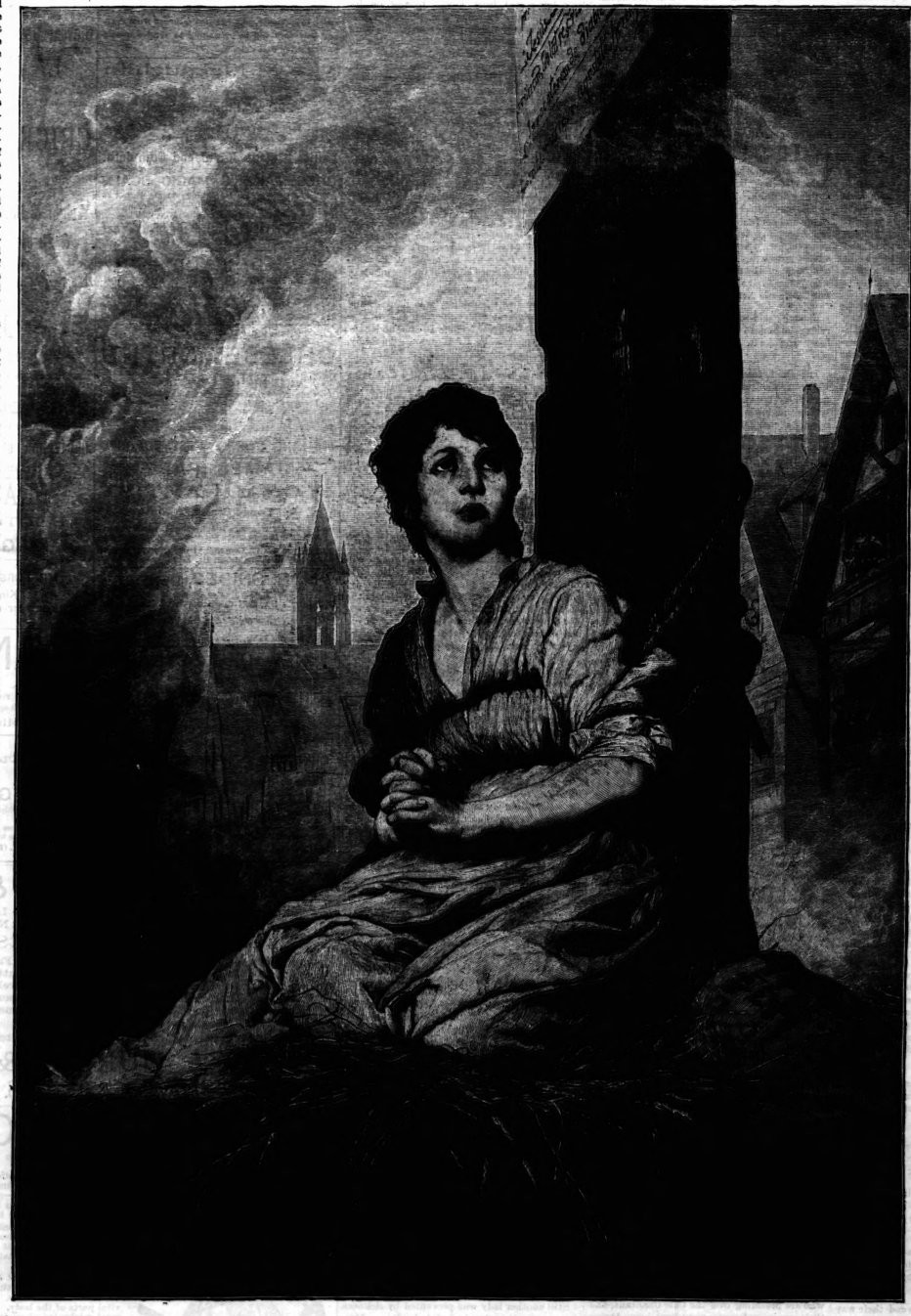
The length of the funeral procession which followed the remains from St. John's Grove to the vast assemblage to its depths. The thirty-and-odd thousand who called to view the remains on Tuesday furnished additional testimony of the public appreciation of the significance of the event. Altogether, it may be said that the obsequies were worthy of the occasion, and that the kindly old man has been laid to rest in a manner alike befitting the dignity of his office and the respect due to his personal



MAID OF ORLEANS.

St. Michael's Cathedral on Monday night afforded abundant testimony to the respect in which the dead Archbishop was held. The multitude was by no means entirely composed of adherents of the Roman Catholic faith. Many hundreds of Protestants, including some of the leading citizens of Toronto, were to be seen in the ranks. The ceremonial within the walls of the cathedral were of an imposing nature, and the intoned vespers stirred the pulses of

official position than as a ground of personal reproach. The interests of his church were the things nearest his heart. In the case of one of his way of thinking, it was hardly to be expected that he would neglect the opportunities of advancing those interests which he found ready to his hand. It was inevitable that he should make occasional mistakes. In the recent matter of the ballot in the election of Separate School trustees, for instance, there can be no doubt that he failed to appreciate the forces at work among his adherents. SATURDAY NIGHT did not hesitate to express its opinion on this subject at the time of the recent election, and subsequent events have proved that the opinion then expressed was a sound one. The Archbishop himself, it is said, recognized that he had made a false move, and was about to inaugurate a new policy. It may be taken for granted that, had he lived a short time longer, he would have accommodated himself to the prevailing sentiment of the Roman Catholic population of Ontario, and would have conceded what he so lately denied. It may reasonably be expected that his successor will carry out the deceased prelate's views, and that there will be no recurrence of the discord which prevailed during Mr. Anglin's candidature.

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Speculation is rife as to who will be selected to occupy the high place left vacant by Archbishop Lynch's death. At the time of this present writing, several well-known names are freely tossed about on the tongue of public rumor, but, so far as known, nothing has been definitely settled. Whoever the new Archbishop may be, he will succeed to an office requiring the exercise of rare tact and discretion. In the public interests, as well as in the interests of the Roman Catholic body in Ontario, it is to be hoped that the right man may be found.

character.

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Of course, no reader of these columns needs to be informed that the deceased Archbishop was a potent force in the political life of this Province. Many persons were, and probably still are, of opinion that he interfered in our Provincial politics to an extent unbecoming in one of his sacred profession. That, however, must be regarded rather as an incident of his

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To judge from remarks which have reached the ears of SATURDAY NIGHT during the past few days, the observations made on this page last week on the subject of "cram" in our public schools have gone home. It seems to be pretty generally recognized that the tasks assigned to children are too many in number, and too great in extent. Mothers complain that their little girls who were wont to be happy and joyous have begun to suffer from perpetual headaches, and that these headaches are directly traceable to the amount of "home-work" imposed upon them by their teachers for successive evenings during the week. It is complained that children have no longer any time—or at any rate not sufficient time—for play, or for that pleasant intercourse which is indispensable to the mental and bodily health of the young. Almost every parent has the same story to tell.

The Maid of Orleans.

Humble are the instruments of an all wise Providence in working out the destinies of men. The page of history reveals no more striking illustration of the truth than in the thrilling story of the simple-hearted virgin of Domremy. At a period when the fortune of France was at its lowest ebb, when the trenchant arm of the chivalry of the land had sunk nerveless and paralyzed before the conquering march of Merry England, this vision-haunted daughter of France appears on the lurid horizon of war, kindles, by her heaven sustained enthusiasm the dying embers of patriotism in the national heart and rouses to victorious action the sinking courage of the despairing followers of him so aptly termed "the well served." The flames of that market place have long since died away, and the dust of her weak mortal frame have, ages ago, been scattered by the four winds of heaven, but immortal is the fame of the unconquerable spirit, and leal faith of the martyr maiden of Orleans.

The Art Fair may be said to have practically monopolized society during the past week. As is usual before such great events, the two days previous to the actual opening on Wednesday were days of bustle and hard work also of considerable confusion. So much had been put off to the last possible moment and could only by dint of great exertions be accomplished then. Executants and figurants in the perhaps too great number of stage shows, who had been conspicuous at many practices chiefly by their absence, in a body took advantage of the last chance that was left them. Chiefly on account of the shortcomings of such, the final rehearsals were prolonged to a wearisome length, and, as usually happens where amateurs are concerned, nothing had ever seemed to go so badly as at the very last. On Monday night, though the framework of stalls, miniature houses and cafe chantants had been constructed, their fittings and decorations had scarcely been touched, and by Wednesday night the change which the work of two days had wrought in their appearance seemed almost miraculous.

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One of the special stage attractions, of which until this week I had not even heard, and as it does not hold the boards until Friday I shall be unable to discuss until next week, is the performance of two acts of the Midsummer's Night Dream, with Mendelssohn's immortal incidental music. A large company of children under the dramatic management of Mrs. Morrison, and with Mr. Plummer as their musical conductor, play well and sing still better.

*

On Saturday last Mr. and Mrs. J. K. Kerr gave a large riding party to the Humber. The number of fair and brave equestrians was augmented by others who drove or went by train, and the day proving sufficiently warm provisions were sent out from town, and Mrs. Kerr's guests enjoyed a pleasant picnic on the banks of the Humber, instead of having to take tea in the stuffy rooms of the Humber hostelries.

*

To-day Dr. and Mrs. Larratt Smith of Rosedale are keeping the equestrian ball rolling. I believe that for the sake of variety they propose to take their party eastwards over the Don, and so out to Norway. The ground to be thus traversed is comparatively unknown to riding parties, but I am doubtful whether any equivalent for the delightful turf and sandy roads of High Park and its neighborhood can be found towards the east.

*

Mr. Baillie-Hamilton and Lady Evelyn Baillie-Hamilton have left Toronto for England. I hope that Lady Evelyn will be able to assure her brother, Lord Lorne, that Canada has not changed for the worse since he left us. At all events the lady in question does not seem to be dissatisfied with Toronto, since after a few months she and Mr. Baillie-Hamilton purpose to return. The latter gentleman has invented a new kind of organ—or rather a special stop, which can be applied to all organs—which causes a tone of marvellous sweetness, and which is likely to work a revolution in this instrument.

*

That Sir Alexander and Miss Marjorie Campbell have decided to spend most of the summer at Government House is a piece of good news for very many people in Toronto. Their stay here will no doubt have the effect of making the exodus from Toronto less complete than usual.

*

Before Lord Lansdowne left town he presented to Mr. Gamble Geddes a pair of beautiful sleeve links in gold and enamel, engraved with his Excellency's coronet and monogram; also photographs of himself and Lady Lansdowne. The memento was a pleasing recognition of Mr. Geddes' services and attention during his Excellency's stay here last spring.

*

The Misses Stevenson of Montreal have been the guests of Mrs. Hoskins, Murray street, and Mrs. John Duggan, Spadina avenue, for a short time and return home shortly.

*

Mr. and Mrs. Raynold Gamble are expected to arrive at 88 McCaul street from their long sojourn abroad, at the beginning of next week.

*

Miss Mabel Evans of 14 Wellington place, leaves to visit relatives in Great Britain in the beginning of next month. She will probably spend some years there.

*

Mr. and Mrs. Charles Riordon of 23 Queen's Park, will spend the summer abroad, principally in the Highlands, leaving New York in the latter part of June.

*

It happens that while many wend their way eastward, our own continent has its attractions, for some at any rate. Mrs. Gibson and her son, A. Cecil Gibson, are looking forward to a charming and delightful summer at Banff, N. W. T., where they will go within the course of the next six weeks.

*

Hon. John Beverley Robinson and Mrs. Beverley Robinson of Sleepy Hollow, are expected to arrive in town from England shortly, and will immediately proceed to their island (Governor's Island) in Muskoka.

*

Mrs. Henry Duggan entertained a small number of friends at an evening party at 149 Beverley street, last Friday evening. The evening was a most enjoyable one.

*

The many friends of Mrs. C. Brodie of 184 Sherbourne street will be pleased to hear she is progressing favorably towards convalescence.

*

Mrs. Albert Nordheimer, nurse and child, and Miss Maude Vankoughnet are staying at Monreith House on the west point of the Island.

*

The members of the Press Club give an At Home to-night at the club house. It goes without saying that any affair handled by the Press Club committee is already an assured success. SATURDAY NIGHT will don its most killing tie for the occasion.

*

Mr. Wm. McInnes, the eldest son of the Hon. Donald McInnes of Montreal is staying with Mrs. John Heward on Wellington street.

*

The Art Fair, which has been gossiped over for months back, and which for the last five weeks has occupied everyone's time and attention, to the exclusion of all else, opened on Wednesday evening with a grand spectacular performance representing old England *en fete* in the merry month of May in the early Tudor period. To speak plainly, I think that for a large affair of this kind which was demanding such general attention, for so many have been required to present this thing in completeness, it has been very badly advertised, which has caused a great deal of confusion as to the opening day of the actual fair. Looking at it in this light we are able to understand the comparatively small audience which greeted the worthy performers of the May Masque on Wednesday night. Beyond the weekly notices, etc., that have appeared in SATURDAY NIGHT little else has been printed about it and nothing definite. The advertisements inserted by the committee in the daily papers were vague and confusing to any but those directly concerned. Apart from the petty jealousies, quarrels, etc., that go hand in hand with all affairs gotten up by amateurs, real annoyance has been justly felt by more than one party who came to the city specially to attend the fair before the Art Fair really opened.

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Enough said of the management—let us relate the honors so justly earned by the many hard workers in the booths, masque, minuet, etc.

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The chief feature of the masque was the Pavanne, a stately and dignified dance of the period, having space for fanciful and rich costumes and much elegance and grace of movement. It was danced by Miss Constance Cumberland with Mr. Mervyn Mackenzie, Mrs. Widmer Hawke with Mr. Harry Brock, Miss Harte with Mr. Henry E. Duggan, and Mrs. H. E. Duggan with Mr. Harte. All took advantage of the chance to display native taste and talent for original designs in coloring, etc., and the effect was certainly unexpected and delightful. The colors blended admirably and were rich and elegant.

*

Miss Cumberland had an over-dress and bodice of coral pink moire, worn with crinoline, the petticoat being fancifully embroidered on cream satin. A black velvet pointed bonnet, edged with pearls (*a la* Marie Stuart), adorned her head, and the bodice was decolette, square shape, with a high collar, edged with pearls also. Mrs. Duggan's robe was a pale olive plush, the petticoat being embroidered amber satin, displayed by means of the over-dress being opened in front, in the shape of an inverted V, from the waist down. Puffs of amber at the shoulders, elbows and wrists, were fastened down by green straps. Mrs. Duggan's ornaments of brilliants were very effective. Mrs. Widmer Hawke's garnet plush was fancifully trimmed with pearl embroidered lace, and cream satin. A head-dress of the two colors and much bespangled with pearls was most striking. Her sleeves were composed of three immense puffs of cream satin.

*

Miss Harte, though mentioned last of the ladies, was not least. Indeed, one was scarcely less than another. Her gown was heavy white satin overdress and bodice, the former opening in front to show a petticoat of crimson plush embroidered with gold. This was a very rich and handsome costume. The men wore tights and cloaks. Mr. Mackenzie's was a sapphire blue, the upper part being a combination of that and a darker shade. Mr. Harte, in harmony with his partner, wore a yellow satin and black velvet suit. Of the Queen's followers, Miss Ince looked well in eau de nile, made with flowing draperies, the skirt being edged with fur, and reaching to the ground all round. A quaint-looking bonnet covering the head behind, was pointed downwards in front and showed a little binding of pink. Miss Adam, in yellow satin made after the same fashion, wore a bonnet about a foot high, reaching to a point on top, and to which was attached a flowing veil. Miss Emma Armstrong was almost disguised in a very quaint blue plaid satin dress.

*

The rustics (composed of milkmaids, shepherdesses, etc.) were attended to with a surprising regard for detail, and their costumes presented a charingly correct picture of the ancient times. They were especially pleasing in their May dance, where the gay-colored ribbons, twined and untwined in the mazy figures, making a picturesque effect not to be gained elsewhere or under other circumstances. After the curtain fell on the masque, the people dispersed themselves among the booths and into the exhibition gallery to examine the rare things on view and for sale.

*

Mrs. W. J. Baines and Mrs. G. W. Torrance, who are presiding over the Cafe Chantant, and their many assistants, were kept busy during the evening dispensing coffee, cake, etc. Among the handmaidens are Mrs. Douglas Armour, Miss D. Armour of Cobourg, Miss Madeline Spratt, Miss Bunting, the Misses Todd, and many other who will be mentioned after. Their costumes are fashioned after those worn in the fifteenth and early sixteenth century in France, which are much like what is now called the Kate Greenaway costume. These will be minutely described next week.

*

Mrs. Skae and Miss Rutherford have the candy booth just opposite, assisted by Miss Kathleen O'Brien. Mrs. George Crawford, Miss Gildersleeve of Kingston, Miss Maud Rutherford and Miss Mabel Henderson of Kingston also, and others. Mrs. Harcourt Vernon and Mrs. Albert Nordheimer presided over a bric-a-brac shop, in connection with which is a garden where Miss Marjorie Campbell holds court,

"Queen rose of the rosebud garden of girls,
Queen lily and rose in one."

*

Miss O'Brien, Mrs. Cattanach and Mrs. Drayton dispense afternoon tea from four till six in a marquee erected for the purpose in the pavilion. This was not in working order on the opening day. The high tea, which is to be served in the old rink, was not provided on the inaugural day either, and several of the booths were incomplete and presented an unfinished appearance, while some were closed altogether because they were not ready.

*

The inside of the pavilion presents a unique appearance, and even in its unfinished state of Wednesday, called forth the highest praise for Mr. O'Brien, who painted most of the scenery, and has many co-workers who put up and decorated the "houses." The "cafe," is a long, low-roofed brick house, having on its door the sign, "Strong Ale, Sherry Sack." The stage is magnificent, the scenery dividing it from the rest of the building, leaving no cracks or corners, raw or unprovided for. This scenery all was forwarded from New York, specially for the fair, and is far superior to any attainable in Canada.

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The orchestra, unfortunately is only fair, and might be a great deal better, still it is sufficient to enhance the effect of the performance on the stage. A pleasant introduction, was made in the May Masque, of two solos each, by Robin Hood (Sims Richards), and the May Queen (Madame D'Auria). Both were loudly applauded and appreciated. An epilogue was delivered by Maid Marion (Miss Weatherstone), on England and her belongings, a loyal rhyme, which roused the audience to quite a pitch of enthusiasm. Miss Weatherstone's delivery of the lines, "There are no men like Englishmen," left not a trace of doubt on the minds of her hearers.

*

On Thursday the minuet was danced, and on Friday the children's performance of Shakespeare's Midsummer Night's Dream, under the direction of Mr. F. H. Plummer, musically, and Mrs. Morrison, dramatically.

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The characters of the King (Miss C. Jarvis), the Queen (Miss Edith Jarvis), 1st Fairy (Miss Ella Patterson), and 2nd Fairy (Miss Amy Lamport) revealed some wonderfully promising young singers, who have also histrionic talents, to a Toronto audience. On Saturday (to-day) there will be a matinee of the same, and in the evening a second performance of the May Masque, as presented on Wednesday night. The programme will repeat itself in the order named: thus the minuet will be danced on Monday.

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The fair remains open till Thursday, the 24th, which will be the last day, and a fancy ball, at which all the costumed helpers of the fair will be present, is promised for Friday, the 25th. In the meantime high tea will be served daily from the hours of five till eight o'clock in the skating rink, for which the charge is twenty-five cents. And we hear that your money is not thrown away for that, as a tempting *dejeuner* awaits the hungry patron.

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"Let us take a walk down Fleet," said the learned Dr. Johnson, and "Let us take a walk down to Ye Booke Shoppe," said my *Idvie Achates*. Thitherward we strolled, and found that well equipped establishment under the charge of pleasant Dame George Dickson, ably assisted by Mistress Hill; and here we viewed an admirable display of books, notable etchings by American artists, and an edition *de luxe* of all the poets. Conspicuous also were 200 copies of A Trip to England, given to Ye Art Faire by Professor Goldwin Smith; also An Algonquin Maiden, the free offering of Mr. Adams; and A Canadian in Europe, the outcome of Dr. Withrow's good-nature. Ye Shoppe was most tastefully and becomingly tinted in terra cottas, ordinary retail prices only being charged by these gentle dames for the large stock of terra cottas, brasses, etchings, grandfather's clocks, which were temptingly ranged in the most telling positions. A marked feature of this stall is the admirable display of stationery in the latest and most fashionable designs, pearl, Irish linen, primrose and Old London being the favorites. The books on the shelves show a wide range of thought, from Victor Hugo's Les Miserables down to How I Managed My Mother-in-Law. Mrs. Dickson, most bewitchingly attired in academic cap and gown, is a most effective administrator in this department of Ye great Art Faire.

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Amongst the blows which have fallen on the managers of the Art Fair is the illness of Mrs. Frank Mackelcan of Hamilton. In the very front rank, perhaps first of all, amongst contraltos in Canada, Mrs. Mackelcan's name is always a sure draw, and her enforced absence from the fair is a great disappointment.

*

Mrs. Willie Baines, who was to have man aged the cafe chantant at the fair, has also been unwell, and the burden of the affair fell rather heavily, and at short notice, on the shoulders of her second in command, Mrs. George Torrance. This lady worked wonders however, and with Mrs. Grant, Miss Spratt, Miss Maclean and Mrs. Douglas Grant, as assistant handwives and handmaidens, made the cafe one of the most conspicuous successes of the fair.

*

Still another lady was prevented by sickness from occupying her appointed place. Mrs. Draycott was to have superintended the tea room and confectionery stalls, but the ladies whom she had procured to assist did their best to make up for her absence, and must have coined money.

*

Miss Clara Jones of Gananoque, Ont., has arrived in town on a visit to her *fiance's* family, Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Ince of 73 Grosvenor street.

*

Mrs. Arthur West of Ottawa will be the guest of her sister, Mrs. H. Davies, Rosedale, during the weeks of the Art Fair.

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Every pair of Yatisi Corsets is so stamped, and no other is genuine.
MANUFACTURED BY
THE CROMPTON CORSET CO.

I copy from an English paper the following very unique fancy costumes which may, perhaps, serve as models, or may suggest ideas which shall bear the brand of freshness. At the fancy ball held at the Shanklin Institute in London four ladies were attired as magpies, two of them being sisters, with the words, Two for Mirth, embroidered in silver across the front of their bodices. Night was represented by something totally different from the hackneyed black and stars costume, the dress being of grey tulle with soft looking brown moths and lovely diamond stars in the grey tulle which form the headdress. Fleur-de-lys wore powdered hair, velvet bodice the color of blue iris, short white silk skirt embroidered with gold fleur-de-lys, and long hanging sleeves. Clubs was most original; a dress of soft white material, hanging sleeves ending in a club of black velvet, the whole suit of cards being *appliqued* on the dress in velvet. The accompanying fan represented the ace of clubs. The French flag was represented by a skirt of white and classically draped flag of the tri-color.

A letter in the London *Morning Post* calls attention to the fact that Theodore Hook's daughter, who had eked out an existence as a governess as long as her strength permitted, died recently in great poverty, and was buried by the parish, while the chair in which her father sat when engaged in literary work, and which is to be sold shortly, will probably fetch a large sum. The letter concludes: "Alas, that wood should be so dear and flesh and blood so cheap." But so they are in this best of all possible worlds. Yet to the uninitiated it does seem a pity that the novelist's chair was not sold some weeks ago to save the novelist's daughter from dying of starvation.

Pale blue seems to have been so lost sight of recently, in the rage for yellows and green, that a costume worn at one of last week's At Homes, of white gauze with light blue sash and trimmings, having a bertha of forget-me-nots, and satin slippers and gloves of the same shade, was quite an agreeable surprise.

Some very lovely parasols have a fringe of wilted flowers edging them and are crowned on the top about the stick with a sort of parterre of the flowers.

Frills and furbelows are now to have their little day. The loose light vests of cambric dresses have huge frills from throat to waist, somewhat after the fashion of our great grandfathers' shirt fronts.

Although short mantelets are to be worn, among which the pretty, graceful "Marie Antoinette" fichu will be a favorite, yet the long garment is not yet discarded. Beside those which I spoke of last week as being made of silk gauze and grenadine, I have seen some handsome cloaks of lace trimmed with jet over shot silk. These are mostly sleeveless, but with the aid of a lace cape falling below the elbow, and long gloves, they may sometimes be made to serve as dresses.

Gloves, by the way, are to be of the very tenderest shades, which means a considerable tax on the purse, as soiled light gloves are an abomination.

Stockings, on the contrary, are to be of vivid hues, like the dresses. This, I think, is greatly to be regretted, as there is no color quite so becoming to the foot as black. To be sure, much unpleasantness arises from the "crocking" of even the best quality of silk, linen or cotton stockings, but to those who can wear wool, I would recommend the lightest make of black cashmere. There is but little difference in point of warmth, and a vast difference in the satisfactory retention of their color.

In washing costumes the fashion of blouse waists is likely to prove an absolute epidemic. In selecting this form of bodice be careful to choose a style entirely suitable to the conformation of the waist and shoulders. If the shoulders are broad the top of the sleeve and the neck portion should fit closely to the figure. If the waist is broad and the shoulders narrow then puffed or full bishops' sleeves and a trimming about the neck of loose pleats or folds may be worn. Blouses will be found to set much better if just in the waist-line, at the back, a tape is sewn on through which a draw string may be passed; this arrangement, of course, being outside the blouse and concealed by the belt. Yokes are so generally becoming that blouses of this description seem to be most in demand, although it is almost impossible to point out any of the many pretty varieties as prime favorite. One very pretty style has a rounded yoke of tiny tucks. This yoke is not separate from the rest of the bodice. The material is tucked the proper width for the shoulders before the bodice is cut. The fulness where the tucks end is carried loosely over the bust, and confined again just below this point in a series of broader tucks. The tops of the sleeves are tucked down almost to the elbow, widening out from thence to the wrist where the fulness is gathered into a band. Another style is quite plain and tight fitting at the back and sides. A loose vest front extending about half way down the shoulder seam is held in place about the neck by a pointed yoke collar, which, dividing in the front, permits the loose vest to come up in a point to where the standing collar meets. The whole is confined at the waist by a belt. Many have yokes and sleeve-tops smocked. This smocking may be done at home, I understand, by using fine knitting needles to mark out the honeycombs. The needles are run through the material either transversely or crossing at right angles, and the over-stitching follows the pattern thus formed. The needles can then be withdrawn and set further along the material.

Combinations of flowers are worn on hats: bouquets of wall-flowers and lilacs, or primroses and hyacinths, are among the novelties of the season. Many stalks, long stems, grasses and sprays, and in fact anything which will give the effect of an aigret, are the features of floral decorations.

NUOVA AULA.

Our Sporting Column.

Last Saturday was a great day for baseball in Toronto. Eight thousand persons witnessed the opening game with London, and a fair percentage of them acted like lunatics when the wearers of the Toronto uniform finished ahead. On Monday London reversed the story of the game, and the jubilation was wanting. Lally, the man who was expected by Manager Cushman to make a "star" pitcher, does not seem to have panned out to a remarkably satisfactory extent. The remainder of the team have been doing good work, but I don't think anybody will say that they are the equal of last year's men. Crane, Albert, Faatz and Slattery were hard men to replace.

Going farther afield, I find Syracuse hanging at the top of the tree. And though Hamilton is second, there is mourning among the picnickers in Coote's Paradise, and the gamin is sad, for has not Hamilton's pride, Mickey Jones, been hit with might and main by the teams against which he has pitched this season? Albany gave the finishing touch on Tuesday, when the left-handed pitcher was pounded out of the box. And now the papers are prophesying his early release. I remember the day, two seasons ago, when Toronto was beating Hamilton, Jones was taken off first base, where he had always played, and put in to pitch. The Toronto batters were mowed down like wheat in early August, and Hamilton's delighted citizens wanted to make Mickey mayor of the town. Last season he did very fair work in the box, but now his hand has lost its cunning, and the men from Albany pound him ruthlessly. *Sic transit gloria mundi.*

And the Toronto lacrosse tourists are at home. The daily papers have told you all about the way in which they have enjoyed themselves and taught Englishmen something about Canada's great game. Little is left for me to say. I recollect that before the twelve went away some croakers prophesied defeat and all manner of evil things. Said they, "You fellows are taking over a team that has had no practice, and you will strike England just when their season is closing. If you don't look out the Englishmen will beat you sure." Then the terrors of Ireland were depicted. How the Irishmen played as good lacrosse as most of the clubs here, and, in fact, these Job's comforters assured the boys that while they might enjoy the trip, they would be beaten many times. Look at their record. Fourteen matches won, none lost. And the hardest game was that with Owen's College: Toronto 5, O. C. 2, which says a good deal for the collegians.

And then think of the "time they have had," as the Americans would say. Picture to yourself brawny Archie Mackenzie—the brother of "Ross"—getting up and replying to the toast of The Army, Navy and Volunteers. Archie, you know, is a corporal in her Majesty's loyal Queen's Own, but he shouldn't have let his military ardor run away with him at Birmingham, where he told the diners that "every athletic young Canadian is a lacrosse player and a volunteer." I can imagine some of the boys softly murmuring "Rats." But Archie is a fine fellow, enough he does exaggerate a little sometimes.

I was reminded very much of Martin Chuzzlewit when I was reading an extract from The *Harrogate Herald* describing the Canadian lacrosse players. You remember how Dickens caricatures the American newspaper reports of distinguished visitors; now they sent two men, one to write up Martin's appearance as far as his waist, while the other gentleman had rather the easier job in taking in the territory between his waistband and his boots. This paper published in conservative England is positively startling. It describes how the Canadians don't eat much, "but their plates are always full and always being replenished." Which is a remarkable statement, to say the least of it. Then "they talk a great deal while they are eating"—can he mean with their mouths full?—and "as soon as they are finished they evince a desire to leave the table." There is a quarter of a column of this interesting lunacy. I wonder whether the reporter was disguised as a waiter. I am glad to observe that he does not say that any of them ate with their knives. English papers try to poke fun at American methods of getting news, but there never was any English joke as funny as this English report.

The yachting season has commenced in earnest. Last Saturday the race for $100 a side between the two Toronto Club boats, Caprice and Mischief, excited a great deal of attention. The boats were about evenly mated and both crews knew their duties. The Caprice's win may therefore be said to decide the supremacy. There is talk of a return race, as Mr. Parkinson, it is said, does not think the best points of his boat were brought out.

The Hamilton Yacht Club has made arrangements for an active season. At least three of the club boats will take in the Lake Yacht Racing Association's circuit. The Cyprus will look out of place with the Hamilton Club colors at her peak.

The young gentlemen composing the Toronto Cricket Club Colts went to Hamilton on Saturday, and were beaten by the Hamilton Colts. Want of practice is the reason given by the Toronto eleven for their defeat. I am glad that they do not call it an excuse, for such it certainly is not. Toronto has been having as good weather as Hamilton, and the Colts should have profited thereby. To-day they play "C" Company at the Garrison.

I hope the report that Mr. W. W. Vickers is going to give up cricket for a season is without foundation. "Billy" has always been one of the mainstays of the Toronto Club. His loss would be greatly felt.

I prophesy a defeat for Trinity on the Queen's Birthday, when the annual match with Toronto will be played. Grout and Wallace Jones—the latter of whom will resume the red and black for the nonce—are about the only bowlers on the eleven. The batting of the side should be very strong. On the same day Aurora sends an eleven to town to play a team of the T. C. C., captained by the Duke of York, otherwise known as Mr. H. A. Collins. The pretty little northern town is going to have an exceptionally strong eleven this season. Mr. W. J. Fleury, of the Canadian Gentlemen, will prove a tower of strength to the eleven, and several new men will be on hand. A really good man is Macdonald, who has played for Aurora ever since he was big enough to swing a bat. He came very near getting his International cap three years ago. I remember well the day after the personnel of the team was made known, hearing a member of the Toronto club say: "There's Macdonald; I suppose he was left out because he wears a stiff felt hat playing cricket." Which was, as I afterwards heard, just about the truth.

The Upper Canada College boys are putting in good practice at the Toronto ground under Leigh, the club professional. I was looking at Harry Parsons the other day when he was bowling, He shapes very well, and should do good work with the leather for the College.

A couple of years ago the "Duke of York's Rovers" carried devastation with them on an eastern tour. I remember them going to Peterboro' to play against "Peterboro' and District" for old Sam Ray's benefit. It was one of the biggest scoring days Canada has ever seen. If my memory does not deceive me, both elevens made over 200 in the first innings. This year the genial "Jook" has made arrangements for reorganizing the team. The eleven will consist in part of H. R. H., Ed. Senkler and Rykert of Toronto University, Bob McCullough, M. Boyd and A. Winslow of the Toronto Club. A couple of Parkdale men, one of whom will be John E. Hall, will also go. The Duke will probably take his happy family east.

That enthusiastic footballer, Mr. D. Forsyth of Berlin, has about completed his arrangements for the visit of the Canadian Association team to England and Scotland this autumn. The eleven to be taken over will be thoroughly representative. Among those who have promised to go are E. C. Senkler and Walter Thomson of Toronto University, two of the best forwards in the country, A. N. Garrett, the Varsity goal-keeper, probably the best man in his position ever seen in Canada; Brubacker and Killer, two good members of the Berlin Ranger's back division and Forsyth himself, a great forward, but a little too much given to dribbling the ball instead of passing. Galt Collegiate Institute, Berlin's old enemy, will send three men, and the remainder of the team is yet to be chosen.

That the eleven should give a good account of itself no one will deny. It is of little use speculating on their chances of success. They will play first-class English and Scottish teams and may be depended upon to do their best.

The bicyclists are busily preparing for the Queen's Birthday. The Wanderers are determined to carry off their share of prizes from Woodstock, and judging from their past years' records they are sure to do so. That they will enjoy themselves is certain. Let them show the American visitors that they can ride as well as look pretty. By the way, I see that amalgamation of the Torontos and Wanderers has been proposed. As far as I can see the scheme is a good one. Amalgamated, the clubs would form the strongest and most influential bicycle organization in America. It will be a pity if the matter drops.

The Toronto Canoe Club will send a number of men to the canoe camp this year. A photographing section is about to be formed.

Yesterday saw the usual array of beauty and muscle assembled on the Upper Canada College lawn. The annual games always draw a great crowd, and yesterday's gathering was fully up in point of numbers and enthusiasm to any of its predecessors.

Matches for to-day will be found on page eleven.

YAKETY-YAK.

Interior Decorations—Hall Interior—Drawn by Aug. R. Fransen.

Interior Decorations.

This beautiful hall interior of a private residence in Gothenburg, Sweden, is reproduced from the *Decorator and Furnisher*, which points out the following faults to be avoided in ornamental design. (1) Excessive minuteness of ornament, so that at a short distance some examples lose their character and meaning entirely—their delicacy and richness going for nothing. (2) The too general extension of ornament, thus doing away with the wholesome contrast and rest to the eye obtainable by plain or blank space; in other words losing breadth and repose. (3) A want of care and attention bestowed on it and a consequent stiffness and rudeness of character. (4) A want of thought and design in its composition and application. (5) In the case of mouldings, shallowness of effect. (6) By introducing ornament for its own sake instead of causing it to ornament construction. (7) The introduction and too frequent use of four centred instead of two centred forms, the former not being seen in nature. (8) A sameness and repetition in ornament and lack of variety.

A Landlady's Mistake.

Dumley (who has been asked to carve the duck, and is meeting with poor success—Whew!

Landlady—Isn't the knife sharp, Mr. Dumley? I had it ground to-day.

Dumley—The knife is all right, Mrs. Hendricks; you ought to have had the duck ground.

Not Far Distant.

Mr. Switchell (home from a club dinner at daylight, full of the speech he has been making, and champagne)—Feller (hic) citizens! The day is not far distant—

Mrs. Switchell (at an upper window)—No, John, the day is not more than an hour distant, and you had better come in and go to bed.

THE BONELESS BURGLAR

In private life he was John Higgs, a bold, bad burglar. In public he was known as Jean Higgenne, the India Rubber man. He was a skinny little man, with an enormous head—a decidedly bad head, phrenologists would say—prominent ears and lips, a great lack of nose and forehead, with corresponding development of all the most undesirable bumps to be found. Close-cropped hair, small black eyes, large hands and feet, with scanty and scanty vesture, are the only points about his person worth mentioning; and when we add to this description a fondness for tobacco, spirits, and expletive, all the attractive physical and moral attributes of Mr. John Higgs—or "our hero," as we should call him—are before the reader. His friends accounted him a "sharp cove, hard as nails, ugly as sin;" and we cannot improve on their forcible and brief word-painting.

Something very unpleasant, in from his expression, occupying the "sharp cove's" mind at present, and if we read with him the advertisement in his theatrical paper a clue will soon be furnished us. "INJIRUBBERS! The Malayan Mystery! The Only Real Boneless Human Being in the World!" Yes, with terrible disgust Mr. Higgs learned from his acquaintances that the so-called "Injirubbers"—a huge black importation, really brought from South Africa—was literally taking the bread out of the acrobatic gentlemen's mouths in all directions. The "Malayan Mystery" gave his entertainment at three different variety theatres every night; and Mr. Higgs, who spent the evening after our introduction to him in critically examining his powerful arm to be bound to confess that he had no more than met his match, "though" added the vanquished, after some powerful expressions, "what they want with dirty black heathen when they can get their own countrymen, I'm blowed if I know." Higgisenno—plain John Higgs for the future—realized accordingly that he was fairly beaten on his boneless merits, and that, therefore, there remained nothing more for this branch of his accomplishments but poverty or the provinces, but enough; nothing could induce Mr. John Higgs to leave town.

His career as a public entertainer, therefore, was nipped in the bud; or, at all events, indefinitely suspended. Then, how about burglary, the other string to his bow? In this direction, too, thanks to the scandalous and increasing license given in these irreverent times to the police, poor Higgs felt there was small promise. His instruction had been in the plain straightforward methods of taking his neighbors' goods, but the housebreaker's art improves day by day, like all the other money-making schemes to which men give their minds. Surely there is many a smarter crackman than Jack Sheppard could ever claim to be among us now. They don't break out of unbreakable dungeons and prison-cells certainly, for they take very good care never to be caught at all. So Mr. Higgs had to advance with the times, to become less conservative, and to think for himself.

It was the spending of his last shilling that did it. Like other geniuses before him, while money was in his purse, John seldom thought of the future; but, with that last shilling gone, and poverty at the door, the little man set his mind to work, and, like lightning, there came the inspiration which will hand his name down famous to all posterity. This great idea will be found in the title of my story. John Higgs, a clever acrobat and daring housebreaker, now resolved to unite these accomplishments, and, as a "Boneless Burglar," to begin life once again.

Samuel Curley and his brother Seth—your true vagabond has invariably a good old Bible name—were the tried and trusted "pals" of John Higgs.

Seth was one of those quiet, meek-looking men who sneak around the outskirts of all large towns engaged in rat-catching, bird-snaring, or some other of those innocent sounding occupations which always carry something behind them. Samuel was a cobbler who never cobbled, but led an exciting life in pursuits similar to his brother; while the leader of this pleasing trio, John Higgs, we already know something about.

The three had gone through fire and water together many a time, as well as through several other places equally exciting and more remunerative. They have all experienced reverses, too, and each had just completed the same pressing six months' engagement.

To the brothers Curley did Higgs accordingly repair with his new idea, and their interest was extreme as the inventor unfolded his plans. Finally the inspiration was voted brilliant though dangerous, but, on the whole, well worth developing.

Seth Curley knew the brother of an undergardener at a large house near Woolwich, and, "from information received," he considered no establishment would be found better fitted on which to make a trial than Mr. Sprouts'.

John decided that the experiment could not be made too soon, and fixed upon the following Saturday night for action.

The owner and inhabiter of this doomed dwelling was, as Seth Curley knew well, a credulous and very weak minded man. He believed in ghosts, second-sight, spirit-warnings, Satanic sign-manuals, vampires, and so forth. Possessed of ample private means, he passed his bachelor life in reading works which related to his favorite subjects, nearly frightening himself into fits, writing copiously and idiotically about things he could not understand, and, altogether, leading an inoffensive and imbecile existence.

He was called Timothy Arthur Sprouts, and a man with a name like that might very well believe, say, or do anything.

Timothy Arthur was reading a work on the doctrines of Pythagoras. He could, of course, neither understand nor appreciate the teachings of the great heathen philosopher, but vaguely meandered through page after page, and, on the important Saturday night fixed upon by Higgs and his friends, was deep in the original theories of transmigration, while, immiserably watching his light from the shrubbery, below, lurked the three conspirators.

"Very funny," yawned Timothy, closing his book, "to think that the life in me might once have been in a shark, or a donkey, or anything—very funny! O, there's a great deal in transmi-gration."

Then he went sleepily upstairs to bed; and, after allowing two hours for him to sink into slumber, the burglars began their operations. Seth and Samuel Curley were clad in the rough "reefer" coat, with huge pockets, which they always associates with the old-fashioned housebreaker; but Higgs was wrapped in a long dark-colored ulster, under which he wore the tight-fitting costume of one of his most famous impersonations; while, carefully folded up, he had stowed away in a pocket the large mask which formed its corresponding head-gear. His plan was simply this. After having obtained an entrance, to leave boots, coat and hat outside with the accomplices, and do his ordinary business in the ordinary manner; but, if alarmed or detected, instantly to assume the mask and pose of whatever boneless character he intended to represent.

Timothy Arthur owned a grandmother, and he was peacefully dreaming that the old lady had died and returned to earth in the material garb of a blackbeetle, when a loud crash put an end to his beautiful vision and his sleep together.

He rose, struck a light, and nervously prepared to institute an inquiry as to the origin of this startling sound, which, echoing through the stillness of the night, had awakened the entire household. Robing hastily, he sallied forth, and encountered on the mat outside his door two footmen and the butler in different picturesque stages of undress; while matrons—as cook and housekeeper—and maids, appertaining to the scullery, parlor, and other departments, turned the staircase which led to their domains into a sort of funny domestic parody on Jacob's ladder.

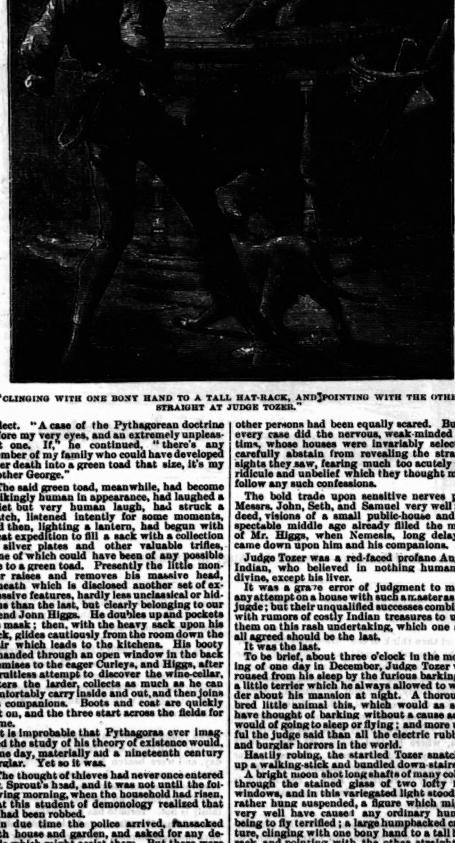
The butler informed his master that "something was a-smashing something else downstairs." Nobody ventured this for a moment, and at the head of a long and trembling procession, poor Sprouts crawled down towards the lower regions of his house, carrying a life-preserver in one hand, a revolver in the other. The butler came next armed with a poker, the footman also trusted to fire-irons; while their female rear-guard followed at a distance, armed to the teeth with water-jugs, hair-brushes, towel-horses, and other articles, all equally well calculated to inspire the ordinary burglar with terror.

The dining-room was entered, explored, and found to be empty; the library was also drawn blank; and with increasing courage the party proceeded to examine the drawing room—a large, richly-furnished chamber but seldom used. Mr. Sprouts threw open the door, and—well, it certainly was a nasty thing to stumble upon in the middle of the night. On the top of the piano, immediately in front of the explorers, there squatted a huge, bloated, frog-like monster as big as a Newfoundland dog. The creature on being discovered raised itself on its front paws, tilted up a hideous misshapen head, opened a gaping mouth and two great yellow eyes, then giving a clumsy jump, left its perch and alighted with a thud at Timothy's feet.

Talk about a stampede!

A confused mass of fire-irons, candlesticks, and other bedroom furniture littered the hall in a moment, while the whole valiant crew, after a terrified struggle up the dark staircase, found themselves one and all in their several rooms with locked doors.

"A case of the Pythagorean doctrine, clearly," stuttered poor Sprouts to himself, as he pushed half the contents of his bed-chamber against the door, lighted three candles, and paused to



"CLINGING WITH ONE BONY HAND TO A TALL HAT-RACK, AND POINTING WITH THE OTHER STRAIGHT AT JUDGE TOZER."

reflect. "A case of the Pythagorean doctrine before my very eyes, and an extremely unpleasant one. If," he continued, "there's any member of my family who could have developed after death into a green toad that size, it's my brother George."

The said green toad, meanwhile, had become strikingly human in appearance, had laughed a quiet but very human laugh, had struck a match, listened intently for some moments, and then, lighting a lantern, had begun with great expedition to fill a sack with a collection of silver plates and other valuable trifles, none of which could have been of any possible use to a green toad. Presently the little monster raised and removes his massive head, beneath which is disclosed another set of expressive features, hardly less unclassical or hideous than the last, but clearly belonging to our friend Jonn Higgs. He doubles up and pockets his mask; then, with the heavy sack upon his back, glides cautiously from the room down the stair which leads to the kitchens. His booty is handed through an open window in the back premises to the eager Curleys, and Higgs, after a fruitless attempt to discover the wine-cellar, enters the larder, collects as much as he can comfortably carry inside and out, and then joins his companions. Boots and coat are quickly put on, and the three start across the fields for home.

It is improbable that Pythagoras ever imagined the study of his theory of existence would, some day, materially aid a nineteenth century burglar. Yet so it was.

The conspiracy of thieves had never once entered Mr. Sprout's head, and it was not until the following morning, when the household had risen, that this student of demonology realized that he had been robbed.

In due time the police arrived, ransacked both house and garden, and asked for any details which might assist them. But there were none forthcoming. Nobody was going to talk to Detective Cox about a gre n toad with red spots on it; absurd! And the notion was absurd, undoubtedly, by daylight. As the butler afterwards said in confidence to Mr. Sprouts: "All of us has a reputation for sobriety, as the recitation of them terrible adventures would knock on the head completely!"

A search showed that the robbers had accidentally upset in the drawing-room a large glass globe of water, which, falling, had smashed to atoms, and strewn the floor with corpses of gold and silver fish, water spiders, and other unpleasant creatures.

"Did none of yer ear this thing come down?" asked a policeman of the servants.

"I half fancied I heard a sound last night late," answered the butler, with a look of joyful inspiration, as if the whole mystery was now unravelled.

Every one else of course, had to lie, too, and the police were—for the first time in their lives, one and all absolutely vowed—without a clue.

The broken window in the scullery was discovered, and a few half a dozen the grass outside it; though these led to nothing but a startling theory propounded by Mr. Sprouts himself, that the whole business might possibly have been the work of some wild animal—a monkey (he had lately been reading Edgar Poe), a dog with more than a fair share of instinct, or even a cat.

But, as half the valuable nick-nacks in his state-room had disappeared, Timothy's argument was speedily proved untenable. Upon his domestics being suspected, he observed he himself would go surety for their innocence; so the law retired for the present, completely baffled, to make inquiries among a certain class of its London friends.

There was joy that afternoon at No. 5½ Angel Alley—a calm, peaceful joy, which always follows the satisfactory completion of any great work. John Higgs, as he sat reading the papers, soon knew all about that particularly daring burglary near Woolwich; but there was no mention of a large green monster in any of the reports, and as he felt the lions'—or rather the toad's—share of profits in his pocket, visions of a bright and active future opened before him, and he smiled contentedly.

No less than five times did the versatile little man repeat his bold trick, ably assisted on each occasion by the Curley brothers. On two of these midnight raids his disguises had been unnecessary, but whenever John was disguised, his hideous appearance always instantly cleared the course. One wealthy old maiden lady had nearly fallen in a fit at the sight of a weird little black fiend, with only one leg, and great red wings; while several other persons had been equally scared. But in every case did the nervous, weak-minded victims, whose houses were invariably selected, carefully abstain from revealing the strange sights they saw, fearing much too acutely the ridicule and unbelief which they thought must follow any such confessions.

The bold trade upon sensitive nerves paid Messrs. John, Seth, and Samuel very well; indeed, visions of a small public-house and respectable middle age already filled the mind of Mr. Higgs, when Nemesis, long delayed, came down upon him and his companions.

Judge Tozer was a red-faced profane Anglo-Indian, who believed in nothing human or divine, except his liver.

It was a grave error of judgment to make any attempt on a house with such a master as the Judge; but their unqualified successes combined with rumors of costly Indian treasures to urge them on this rash undertaking, which one and all agreed should be the last.

It was the last.

To be brief, about three o'clock in the morning of one day in December, Judge Tozer was roused from his sleep by the furious barking of a little terrier which he always allowed to wander about his mansion at night. A thoroughbred little animal this, which would as soon have thought of barking without a cause as he would of going to sleep or flying; and more useful the Judge said than all the electric rubbish and burglar horrors in the world.

Hastily robing, the startled Tozer snatched up a walking-stick and bundled down stairs.

A bright moon shot long shafts of many colors through the stained glass of two lofty hall windows, and in this variegated light stood, or rather hung suspended, a figure which might very well have caused any ordinary human being to fly terrified; a large humpbacked creature, clinging with one bony hand to a tall hat-rack, and pointing with the other straight at Judge Tozer. Some phosphorescent light glowed on its face, which resembled that of a dead Chinaman, while the lower part of the figure was either lost in shadow or else entirely wanting. This apparition remained motionless, with its jaw fallen and its great almond-shaped eyes fixed upon the judge, who amazedly returned the look and rubbed his own eyes hard, to make sure he was in reality awake.

Satisfied of this, the heroic man hurled himself boldly upon the spectre, seizing its skinny throat and laying hold of its long black pigtail. A desperate struggle followed, in which the hatrack fell with a crash, and in which—extraordinary transformation!—the deathlike head, pigtail, and very shoulders of his antagonist came off in the judge's hands.

By dint of frantic efforts, however, he managed to secure one of the thin wiry arms made of real flesh and blood, to which he clung like a leech, and to which he hung it would. Such an encounter between two such men generated a perfect atmosphere of profanity, and the conflict was at its height when Seth and Samuel appeared at one end of the hall, while at the same moment two footmen with lights came rushing down the staircase five or six steps at a time.

The sight was a startling shame to spoken, the Curleys fled like one man, leaving their leader to surrender, which he immediately did, and in consideration of his impenetrable disguise, dishevelled, panting, and nearly strangled, with a dozen dog-bites in each leg.

A second, afterwards thundering double knocks at the front door told that this wild disturbance had attracted public attention, and enter two triumphant policemen, each with a stern frown. By some mysterious evidence these preservers of the peace had for once been in the right place at the right time; and our friends, when they had unshipped, unmasked, had dropped over the garden wall of Judge Tozer's premises into the hands—in fact, almost on to the heads—of the law.

A second day must now be told. An exceedingly humorous trial followed, in which Mr. Higgs, with an eye to posthumous fame, confessed all, explained every detail, and concluded by offering to give the court illustration.

"'The jumpin' frog' were the best of all; 'the one legged fiend' wasn't bad for old ladies; but that counsel! "unpacked mandarin' bust the 'ole thing!"

With these words the trial virtually ended. After a long consultation the jury unanimously granted ten years' rest and retirement to the illustrious trio.

Raising Horses.

The breeding season for horses is now at hand, and it behooves our farmers to pay particular attention to their breeding stock. The raising of first-class horses is said to be the key note to successful farming in Ontario. Our good horses are eagerly sought after all over, and command the highest price. There is a steady market both in England and the United States for all the saleable horses we have; and if the horse production were expanded 100 per cent, there is plenty of room for them in the world. But horse breeding here requires to be more systematic to produce the best results. There is altogether too much haphazard breeding, or breeding to no definite purpose. It is too often the case that cheap sires are used for the sake of saving a little, and the consequence is the production of an inferior, nondescript horse, which finds no place in the market except as a plug. These cheap horses have been blamed for a goodly number of our Canadian horses. Only to a limited extent are undersized and pony horses wanted, and that for mere local purposes, such as running a grocery wagon or a light buggy around a city; but for the export trade they have no place at all. We have a number of first class stallions in nearly every class, but this is not the only requisite to successful horse-breeding. There must be good mares and adaptability in mossing and breeding to a purpose. We may import all the horses from England and France, and until proper mares are selected horse-raising cannot be a success. And it is too well known that the greater part of the brood mares in this country are those who are unfit for work, old, blemished and just on their last legs. To produce the best results in horse raising the mares should be strong, vigorous, sound and having good but built proportions. Another great trouble is a large number of farmers pay no attention to the adaptability of the animals in crossing. Small-sized fine-boned mares are crossed with heavy-boned, large-bodied Clydes and Shire horses with the idea that the production will be a model horse. There never was a greater mistake. There is too sudden a descent, too abrupt a change, and in seven cases out of ten such an amalgamation—small mares, large horses—produce a lack of symmetry and often general malformation. Nature is uniform in her operations, and horses of the same build and type should be mated together to produce model animals. Strong, bulky mares are required to create heavy, bony offspring. And surely if the horse market be studied at the present time, horseflesh goes by the pound the same as beef; for horses are advertised for that will come up to a certain weight. It is well known that a draft colt—Clyde or Shire—from most of the imported horses now in Ontario can be raised to 1,500 lbs., or more, at 3 years old more cheaply than a 3 year old steer of the same weight and will sell as readily for cash at three times the price. Then the last year's use of such on the farm will amply pay for any other difference. First-class carriage horses and saddle horses will pay equally as well as the heavy classes if bred for a purpose and mated and bred to produce the desired results of coach and saddle horses. The production of good horses is a business in which any farmer may engage in Ontario with the conscientious feeling that he is doing a work that will add to the wealth and general prosperity of the country, and producing an article which requires no special protection, but brings honest money, and one which comes nearer having a fixed value than any other product upon the farm.

The Shantyville German Club Grand Ball.

Lorenzo De Medici McCoon—What fo' yo' hidin' behine dat curtain, 'Gustus? Wy ain't yo' a-dancin'?

Gustus Johnsing—Gway fum dar; yo'll gib me 'way. Dat dar 'Mella Flipp's ben a-tryin' all de ebenin to git me ter sit out a darnce onto de cheer wif her. Ah ain't no fool, I ain't, dis trip. An' I'se gwine ter keep clear ob dat gal till dish yer leap year's ober. I c'n-sidah's dat dar nigzah am dangerous.

He Had! He Had!

Judge—You say you want a divorce from your wife?

"Yes, if your honor please."

"Let me reflect for a moment that you have lived together nearly half a century."

"Well, haven't I suffered long enough."

Art is Long—Life Short.

A customer has been over half an r n the hands of an awkward waiter.

"Look here, my good fellow, you have parted my hair ten times, and haven't got it straight yet."

Bader (with great dignity)—"To criticise is easy; to part hair difficult.

Didn't Catch That Boy.

Gentleman—I suppose you make as many trips up as down during the day, don't you, boy?

New elevator boy—Yes, sir; in the mornings when the people are going to work all the trips is up, and when they close up in the afternoons all the trips is down.

Still Sleeping.

Even ministers will have their joke, and sometimes are exceedingly good one. An English paper says that Mr. A—— had invited Mr. B—— to preach one Sunday in his church, and afterwards jocosely accused him of having sent a member of the congregation to sleep by his sermon.

The minister smiled and waited for his revenge. for when it comes to joking, even good men like to retaliate.

Next Sunday, he sat with the congregation, while Mr. A—— preached, and was maliciously pleased at seeing one of the audience enjoying a nap. After the service, he mentioned the fact to his brother clergyman, who was by no means disconcerted by this information.

"Yes," he replied. "I saw him. But that's the same man you put to sleep last week. We haven't been able to wake him!"

Sure as Death.

"You think, then, that your husband no longer loves you as formerly?"

"Alas! I am sure of it."

"What proof have you?"

"What proof! Why, my dear friend, when he kisses me now he doesn't even disturb my face powder."

Perfect Debauchery.

"Did you ever go tobogganing, Mr. Winterwheat?"

"No." said the old man, "but I once stepped into the elevator-well, and fell down four stories in three tenths of a second. That is fast enough for me; I'm getting too old for much excitement."

He Was Wise.

Visitor (to convict)—What are you in for, my friend?

Convict—Burglary.

Visitor—Rob a bank?

Convict—Excuse me, sir, but I have always made it a point never to discuss my private business affairs with strangers.

'Twas Ever Thus.

First Baldhead—That's a beautiful piece the orchestra is playing.

Second Baldhead—Ah, it is one that will always haunt me.

"Why?"

"It is the only one my daughter knows."

Second-Hand.

Isaac—Abe, dit you hear dot Dinkelspiel, dot second-hand furniture man, has married Eselbaum's widow?

Abe—Yah.

Isaac—Vosn't you surbrised?

Abe—Nein. She vos joost his line of goods.

NEVER BEFORE

Could the public procure in this country a bottle of fine old port wine in proper condition and free from sediment, until Messrs. FEUERHEERD introduced their

"COMMENDADOR"

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Messrs. Feuerheerd have now found it necessary to register this brand for the Dominion and will take legal proceedings against any one infringing upon it, or found refilling the bottles with other wine. Always ask for

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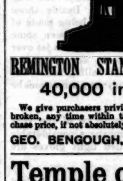

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This well-known hotel has been remodelled entirely on the European plan. There is accommodation for over 60 guests. The cuisine and service will be unsurpassed with the best and most seasonable luxuries the markets afford. Resident commercial travellers can have sample room accommodation without board, etc. A table d'hote for business men and merchants daily. Hotel the best situated in Toronto; adjacent to steamboats, railroads, etc.

THE CRITERION RESTAURANT

TORONTO

H. H. HUGHES, Proprietor

This well known and popular restaurant has recently undergone marvellous improvements and alterations. The Bar and Private dining apartments now front on King Street, corner Leader Lane, and the Public dining room entrance will in future be from Leader Lane.

Counter lunch from 12 o'clock till 2.

Prompt Attention and Moderate Charges

Criterion Restaurant, 63 King Street East

A Lucky Blunder.

When I first saw Carrie Arnold I thought to myself, "Now I have met my fate." She was at church, and I saw her move majestically up the aisle, and as she sank into her pew I caught a glimpse of an oval face, serenely beautiful, and for an instant her dark gray eyes flashed into mine. It was enough.

"There is such a thing as love at first sight," I said.

I was a stranger in the neighborhood, and had grown tired of the narrow, grass-bordered streets, and the gloomy old hills almost enclosing the quiet village, and so I had told my old friend Dick the day before.

Of course Dick was mortally offended to hear me say so, and insisted that I should prolong my visit a week longer, at least. But no; I had decided to bid him adieu. Then I saw Carrie Arnold on that quiet Sabbath morning in summer, when the birds were singing praises among the old elms about the quaint little church, and the golden sunlight crept through the window at her feet, and I changed my mind.

"I guess I will stay with you a while longer, Dick, old boy," I said, as we walked from church. "And, by the way," I continued, as we walked across the quiet fields, "who is that fine girl who came in late this morning—that tall, distinguished person in the stylish black silk, with pink roses under her pretty chin? Say, Dick, who is she?"

Dick threw back his curly head and indulged in a provoking laugh.

"So, ho!" he cried. "This is why you change your mind! Your old schoolmate has not the charm to keep you, but a glimpse of a pretty girl's face can hold you still among these solemn hills. Ah, friendship, how dost thou wane before the light of love!"

"Now don't get jealous," I said, for the fellow really liked me, and felt hurt that I had not seemed to desire a longer stay for his sake.

"Not at all," he answered. "But truly, Howard, you are wasting time if you remain here hoping to win the heart of old Captain Arnold's daughter. She is more cold and haughty than the old man himself, I have heard."

"And probably learned by experience," I suggested, slyly, never dreaming of the truth of what I hinted.

In a moment Dick looked thoughtful and fell to nipping off the clover heads that grew along our path with his cane.

"Yes," he said, "I have learned by experience. Howard, I confide in you as a friend. A few years ago I loved Carrie Arnold—at least, I thought I did—and we became engaged. About a month after our engagement I met her out driving with a strange gentleman, who, as I have since learned, was her cousin, and when I demanded an explanation, she drew the ring I had given her from her finger and placed it in my hand. Since then we have not spoken. I am determined never to humble myself to the proud beauty, and she is too haughty to relent toward me. There, you see how it stands."

"Why, Dick, old fellow, I am sorry," I said. But I could not quiet a great tumult of joy that rose in my heart on hearing my old friend's confession. "He never loved her," I said to myself, "or he could not give her up so easily."

I felt glad to know I had no rival, and the most miserably restless days I ever lived were the three long ones which passed before I had an opportunity to be introduced to my enchantress.

Finally we met, one evening, at a select ball, and some one presented me to the tall girl in pink satin and pearls, whose face had so haunted me since the first sight I had gained of its rare loveliness.

I danced with her. Oh, rare joy to hold her hand in mine, and feel her breath like a summer zephyr on my cheek!

Dick was there, too, but he did not notice us; he seemed to be charmed with the society of a pretty young creature in blue.

The day after the ball I called on Miss Arnold I had thought her charming at church, beautiful at the ball, but she was simply regal over when she came down in her dainty white robe, with pink ribbons fluttering here and there. Pink was her favorite color, and it was becoming, too.

We sat and talked of many things, and my heart beat like a trip hammer when she smiled and said she hoped I would stay all summer in Snowville.

After that not a day passed on which I did not send her some token of my regard. A book, a new song, delicious fruit, or a bunch of rare pink blossoms, always pink.

Jim, my colored boy, who had grown fat and lazy during our stay in the village, with nothing to do save to carry my fishing rod and bask in the sunshine was nearly trotted off his feet carrying dainty mites and little gifts.

"Pears like Mars' How'd done clean fo'got eb'ryt'ing 'cept dat fine gal," I often heard him mutter as he shuffled off on some errand to the big house among the oaks where resided the lady of my heart.

Day after day passed, and still I stayed, growing more desperately in love every moment, until finally I determined to learn my fate, be what it might.

Would I go in person and ask this beautiful woman to be my own? No, I would not. I could not fortify my heart to be able to bear a "no" from her lips, so I wrote:

"DEARNEY:—I can no longer bear the suspense of mind which I have endured since our first acquaintance. I must know if you love me. If you do, meet me this evening at the old elm where we have so often sat and talked together, as I have something to tell you. You may guess what it is.

"Your own, H."

"Now, if she loves me, she will be there," I said as I folded the note; "and if she loves me, she will of course be mine."

With rapidly beating heart I went to call Jim, to start him on his faithful errand.

"Jim!" I called. "Jim, you black rascal, where are you?"

After repeated calling the darkey lounged into view, with his old slouch hat perched on the back of his woolly head, and a fishing pole in his hand.

"Ha! you scoundrel," I exclaimed at sight of him, "where have you been? Why don't you come when I call you?"

"Ain't been nowhar," he returned sullenly, seeing the note in my fingers, and guessing what I wanted him for. "'Pears like dis niggah doan get no time for hisself any more. I was jis a gitten ready fer to fish a little down at de deep hole, an'—"

"Hush, now, Jim," I interposed in a softened manner, seeing that he was half angry, and knowing how much now depended on this imp of darkness. "Take this note to Miss Arnold, and be sure you give it to no one else, and you may have the rest of the day for yourself. Be quick, and here is a quarter for you."

Jim looked relieved, and taking the note slowly, and the quarter with wonderful quickness, he sauntered off, and I heard him say:

"Mars' How'd, gwine to be in de sylumtic yet 'long ob dat gal."

But Jim had a habit of thus communing with himself, and I did not mind him.

I returned to my room, and sat down to read in order to pass the tedious time that must somehow be spent before I should go forth to meet my lady and learn my fate. I read awhile, I smoked awhile, and finally on awaking found that the time had come at last.

I stole from the house with never a word to Dick. Somehow I was afraid he might envy me, and find a way to thwart my plans.

Along green lanes and across fragrant fields I strayed, thinking of Carrie, and wondering if she would be there, when at last the tall old elm came in sight, and oh, joy! she was standing beneath it. Her back was toward me, but I recognized the broad-brimmed hat, with its fluttering pink ribbons, and her simple white dress. I stole softly nearer to her, but she did not seem to hear me; she was reading my note. How she must love me, to bend so intently over my little missive!

I had not seen a black rascal steal from her side a moment before, and with fishing rod in hand skulk hurriedly into a neighboring thicket. I had not seen her first look of puzzled surprise when he thrust the note into her hand, as she sat reading beneath the old elm. I only saw her as she read and re-read the lines I had written, and mistook her puzzled manner for love.

Softly I stepped to her side, and before she could turn, I murmured:

"Dearest!"

A pair of startled, fawn-like eyes were turned to my face, and I saw that it was not Carrie Arnold I addressed.

"I beg your pardon, I exclaimed, in great confusion. "I thought—that is, I imagined—you were not yourself."

She smiled faintly at my distressed manner, and I thought I had never heard a voice so sweetly modulated as hers when she spoke, saying:

"There has been some mistake. This was not intended for me."

I took the note from her fingers, and leaving her there beneath the elm, strode back home. I tore the note in twenty pieces and threw them out of the window, and like starlight before sunlight the face of Carrie Arnold faded from my heart, and a tender face, lighted by soft brown eyes, crept into its place.

Now you must not say I was fickle, for who has not imagined himself in love more than once, before the real love came! And when it came how the other paled!

Well, it was several days before I found out that the owner of the eyes was Miss Pearl Nelson, a friend of Miss Arnold, who had come to spend the rest of the summer at Oak Grove.

"Do you know," said Pearl, as we stood together one evening beneath the elm where we had first met, "I believe you must have mistaken me for Carrie that evening. You see, I wore her dress and hat. My trunk had been delayed. I admire your choice, Mr. Harper. Carrie Arnold is a sweet girl."

"She is, but I know a sweeter," I replied.

My companion tried to look unconscious, but I noted the rosy bloom that crept into her cheeks.

"Dearest!" I whispered, in the same tone I had used a few weeks before.

She caught the sound, and her head dropped.

"Dearest," I repeated, "it is you. My little Pearl, my priceless jewel. Will you be mine indeed?"

She murmured "Yes."

As we stood together gazing on azure sky and green fields, too blissfully happy for words, I descried coming across the meadow two creatures of wonderfully limp appearance.

Slowly they approached, and finally I recognized in the man, whose garments betokened recent immersion, my friend Dick, and Pearl, after giving one startled glance into the face of the other figure, cried—

"Carrie Arnold! Where have you been, and what is the matter?"

"Well," returned Carrie, "In answer to your first question, I have been in Fisher's Pond; and replying to your last, I have been almost drowned. In fact, I would have drowned had it not been for this brave fellow;" and she turned to Dick with a smile I would have died to have won a month before.

"And now we must hasten home," Dick said tenderly. "You might take cold standing here after your accident."

So together they hastened homeward, a sorry looking but blissfully happy couple, while I mentally ejaculated "Accident, indeed!" for I believed then, as I do to this day, that when Carrie Arnold, standing on the narrow log which crossed the small but deep pond, saw Dick Lane passing, fishing rod in hand, she lost her footing on purpose, knowing that he would not be too haughty to jump in and save her.

Now I would not say this to anyone but you, and you need not repeat it; but I believe that it was a scheme on Carrie's part to make up the old quarrel between herself and Dick. Anyhow, they were married in a few weeks, and my old chum has confessed since that he loved the girl he married all the time I was raving over her.

I was able to wish the old fellow much joy at the wedding, at which I was best man, for the prettiest and dearest little woman in the world had promised to be mine in a few months.

One day, before I became the happiest man in the universe, I called Jim to me.

"Jim, some weeks since I sent you with a note to Miss Arnold."

The rascal was too black to turn pale with fear, but his knees shook visibly. He thought I had found out how he, so deeply absorbed in fishing, had forgotten the note until very late, and he quailed before the towering rage I appeared to be in.

"Please sah, Mars How'd——" he began, humbly.

But I interrupted him.

"Silence, you sooty-faced scamp!" I thundered. "Do you remember how you sneaked off to the Deep Hole and fished for hours, instead of going directly to Miss Arnold with the note?"

"Lo'd ha' mussy!" groaned Jim.

"Do you remember how you sneaked to deliver it near sundown?"

"Dis niggah gwine to hab his bones broke, shuah!" Jim ejaculated under his breath, as I proceeded, in still more angry tones:

"Yes, and you will deserve to have your bones broken.

"Oh, don', Mars How'd!"

"You are sure you gave the note to Miss Arnold, are you, Jim?"

"Clar fo' de Lo'd I is!" was the trembling answer.

"Well," I said, "you are mistaken. O miserable imp of condensed midnight—wretched and benighted being! You gave that important note to another lady!"

The culprit was a picture to see as I concluded, turning upon him fiercely, while within I was almost convulsed with laughter. His old cap was pushed to the back of his woolly head, his eyes were rolled up until little but the whites was visible, and his knees smote each other.

"Now, sir," I continued, "you have made a blunder; so have I, but the luckiest blunder we ever made in our lives."

Jim began to look puzzled.

"Therefore, as it was a lucky blunder for me, I am indebted to you."

While the eyes of the guilty one stood out in delight and amazement, to see me smiling in spite of my gruff tones, I placed some shining pieces of money in his palm, and away he went, capering and singing snatches of song, one verse of which I caught as he hurried away:

"I met ole Satan in de lane,
An whaled him wid my gospel cane,
An ebber since dat day, you see,
Ole Satan hab kep clar ob me!"

Then fainter, from the distance, I heard him soliloquize:

"Golly! dat war a forshenate blunder for dis chile, too!"

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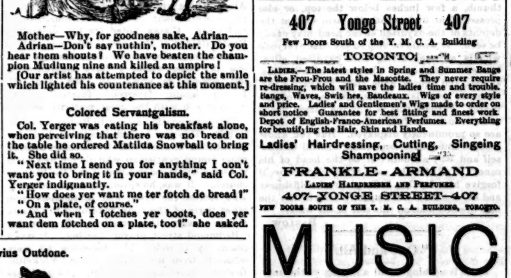
Political Item.

A strawberry blond mulatto ran for constable in a North Carolina village, but was defeated. Here is what the local paper has to say about the victory:

"Once more the children of the conquered and the descendants of Alfred and Edward glory in their ancestry, and fling the standard of supremacy to the fragrant breezes of South land, and the shouts of the victorious and unconquerable Caucasian ascend in a grand diapason to the eternal throne of Liberty. It is believed that when all the precincts are heard from Col. Jones will have defeated the Senegambian by at least 75 votes."

Opening the Season.



Mother—Why, for goodness sake, Adrian—Don't say nuthin', mother. Do you hear them shouts? We have beaten the champion Mudlung nine and killed an umpire!

[Our artist has attempted to depict the smile which lighted his countenance at this moment.]

Colored Servantgalism.

Col. Yerger was eating his breakfast alone, when perceiving that there was no bread on the table he ordered Matilda Snowball to bring it. She did so.

"Next time I send you for anything I oon't want you to bring it in your hands," said Col. Yerger indignantly.

"How does yer want me ter fotch de bread?"

"On a plate, of course."

"And when I fotches yer boots, does yer want dem fotched on a plate, too?" she asked.

Jupiter Pluvius Outdone.

Collins (the new gardener)—It do hate th' divil phat strange, new-kindy flowers Oi've seen since Oi kame on this place! (And Miss Velountine Fay, who had laid off her Easter hat for a set of tennis, never knew just what ruined it.)

THE TORONTO SATURDAY NIGHT

EDMUND E. SHEPPARD, - - Editor.

SATURDAY NIGHT is a twelve-page, handsomely illustrated paper, published weekly and devoted to its readers.

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VOL. I] TORONTO, MAY 19, 1888. [NO. 25

To Contributors.

Rejected contributions will not be returned, or those accepted paid for, unless a special agreement has been made to that effect. Unless manuscripts are accompanied by a price, everything sent to this office will be considered as a voluntary contribution, and the publishers will not hold themselves responsible.

The Duties of Wealth.

We have previously referred to several respects in which Toronto is deficient as compared with other cities of equal importance and pretensions. We lack a public museum and picture gallery. We ought to have more parks and open spaces than we now possess. A building adapted for musical entertainments is another want which should before long be met. There is a lack of public spirit among our wealthy men as compared with those of other cities in the matter of devoting their superabundant means to the endowment of institutions which would supply public needs, adorn and render more attractive the city, and at the same time perpetuate their memories. We have among us many who have accumulated riches and risen to leading business and social positions, owing to the facilities furnished them as residents of the most progressive and enterprising community in Ontario. But how very few of them, either during their lifetime or at death, think it incumbent on them to pay the debt which they owe to the public by donating a portion of their wealth to found or endow public institutions! There are some who have left money to churches and colleges. But these are not institutions which benefit the general public, and it is not educational or religious endowments that are principally needed at present to place Toronto on a par with cities of equal population in the matter of public attractions. What we need is more men who will follow the example so generously set by Mr. J. S. Howard, whose name deserves to be held in lasting remembrance as the donor of High Park, and give of the substance which in nine cases out of ten has been created as much by the community as by the individual owner, to public uses, the benefit of which will be shared by all and add to the attractiveness of the city.

The Right Kind of Immigrants.

Much attention is at present being devoted to the subject of immigration. Strong protests are being made by labor organizations, municipal bodies and benevolent societies against the system by which paupers and city laborers, for whose services there is no demand, are being landed by thousands upon our shores with the result that before long a very large proportion of them will have to be provided for by public or private charity. While large sums are being spent every year in encouraging a class of immigration which is detrimental to us, enough has not been done to point out the advantages of Canada, and especially Ontario, as a place of residence to the very numerous class of English people who are eking out a bare existence in the old land on small incomes. To the man of small capital Canada offers far greater opportunities for advancement than the old country. There are many struggling families possessed of a few thousand pounds endeavoring to live on their investments and maintaining a continual struggle to keep up appearances in English society who by coming to Canada would find themselves in comparative affluence. The rate of interest here is a great deal higher than in England and the social demands much less exigeant. The money, which invested in English consols or joint stock enterprises yields but a pittance—if put into Canadian bank stock or judiciously invested in real estate would produce a much larger return, and enable its owner to live in comfort and with a much larger measure of social consideration than is accorded shabby gentility in England. It is surprising that we do not get more of this class of immigrants. There is no country where capital brings larger returns than Canada, and if the Government officials whose business it is to promote immigration would turn their attention towards the small investor and the class who live on their incomes, instead of flooding the country with workingmen for whose labor there is no demand, the result would be much more satisfactory.

The Zoo.

The proposition is made to the City Council by the directors of the Zoological Society that the city should take over the Zoo, subject of course to the liabilities with which it is encumbered, and make it a public institution, free to all. Such a step would be decidedly in the public interest, and the city fathers would be letting a good opportunity slip should they fail to close with this very liberal offer. The liabilities which would have to be met are only some $5,000, in return for which the public would acquire a collection worth at the lowest calculation $14,000. In establishing the Zoo on a permanent basis as a free exhibition Toronto would be following the example of New York and Chicago, which have successfully managed zoological gardens under municipal control. As an additional attraction to the city it would be an excellently remunerative investment, as has been found by experience elsewhere. In other cities where such exhibitions are open free of charge, large numbers of visitors are constantly attracted, whose presence contributes to the prosperity of the place. It is to be feared that our leading public men and moulders of opinion, notwithstanding all that has been said on the subject, are not yet sufficiently alive to the need of adding to Toronto's attractions. The parks and drives scheme so loudly talked of has been abandoned, the localities available for open spaces and recreation grounds are being built over, and excepting at the Island little or nothing is being done to meet our growing necessities in this direction. The Zoo if maintained and improved by the city would add much to the interest of Exhibition Park. Under its present management it has been a source of instruction and amusement to very large numbers. The proprietors deserve, and in particular Ald. Piper deserves great credit for having initiated and for nine years conducted the institution in the face of great obstacles. The cost to the taxpayers of taking over the Zoo would be the merest trifle. The increase of the taxes of the average workingman in consequence would hardly be five cents a year—a small matter indeed compared with the benefits of securing such an exhibition free to the public. We hope that the proposal will be at once accepted.

"Saturday Night."

For Saturday Night.

Gone! the toil of the week to the shades of the Past,
The ruddy light gleams and the curtains are drawn.
Oh! the Home light is sweet ere the Orient has flung
Its mantle of Peace on the fair Sabbath morn.

This! this! is the hour when SATURDAY NIGHT,
To the circle of Home tells the tale of the week,
In tones that seelse e'en a thought which shall bring
One pang to the heart, or a blush to the cheek.

To the ear of glad youth shall its accents impart
The echoes which float from the arches of Mirth;
And the pillow of suff'ring shall lose half its woe
In the chasten'd delight of its innocent worth.

Old age hath a beauty, and he who shall stay
Its tottering steps to the verge knoweth bliss,
Ours, ours, be the task to enliven the way
That leads to the life which is fairer than this.

Land and honor the sway of the hearth and the home
There the bright star of Peace sheds her beauteous light
And the worldling may jeer, and the cynic may sneer,
But this is the mission of SATURDAY NIGHT.

H. K. COCKIN.

Our New York Letter.

For Saturday Night.

New York is just budding into the leaf of opening spring. The flower-beds in the parks are all ablaze with the crimson and yellow radiance of the gorgeous tulip, and the trees have just begun to cover their winter nakedness with the soft, tender greens of the fresh-grown foliage. As with nature so with the lords of creation. The young man of the period has just put on his (or his tailor's) first spring suit, and the pavements of Fifth avenue, above Forty-second street, where are the most fashionable residences and the most fashionable churches, are thronged with the parading Sunday afternoon processions of those who come to see and to be seen. Between one and half-past one is the busiest time for them. The congregations all come out from their morning devotions, and the young man who has been enjoying his morning cigarette in the easy elegance of the comfortable arm-chair in his own apartments slips slyly down some convenient side street to join the moving line of the devotees and meet the maiden of his musing hours. To his credit be it said, he is far better dressed now than he used to be, and Bond street tailors and trips to England have transferred the quiet sobriety and clean fitting cost of the English "men's" dress to the center of Manhattanville.

Light-colored scarfs, straw or cream, light blue or blush pink silk with tiny pins, it may be a single pearl or a blue turquoise or some little device in rubies and diamonds are mostly worn. But the glory of the attachments of his costume is the handle of his stick or umbrella which he carries so daintily on his promenade. These are held between the finger and the thumb, a few inches below the top, or else pressed tight underneath the arm so that the details of the oxydised silver head may easily be seen. It would be safe to say that everyone who is anyone carries this oxydised silver headed adornment. They are of all sizes, shapes, and figures, none alike, but each a variation in accordance with the tastes of the bearer. Perhaps this is why the sacred heads of those most carefully selected "fetish sticks" are so prominently displayed. But you know a fellow must have something special to himself and why shouldn't it be the head of his cane? Well, for the sake of his clothes, we'll forgive him for this little piece of selfishness and say the New York uptown man is now the best dressed man on this side of the water.

BARLOW.

"One and All."

There is nothing at all amusing in the marriage ordinance itself, but some very amusing things grow out of its observance at times. Diffident brides and embarrassed bridegrooms often do and say such unexpected things, and sometimes ministers forget themselves and say the wrong thing.

A Connecticut minister was called upon to officiate at a triple wedding, the brides being cousins who wished the wedding to take place at the home of a maternal grandmother.

They wished, also, to be married with one ceremony, each bride and bridegroom responding to the questions, and all taking upon themselves the marriage vows at the same instant, an unusual arrangement that led to some confusion on the part of the officiating minister.

All went well, however, until it came time for the words, "And now I pronounce you man and wife"; then the minister lifted up his hands solemnly, hesitated for a second or two, and, at last, said:

"And now I pronounce you, *one and all*, man and wife."

One of the brides said, laughingly, afterward, that the words left some doubt in her mind as to "who was married to which, and which to who."

Methodism in Toronto.

BY REV. JOHN HUNT.

RETROSPECTIVE.

III.

I come now to consider another branch of the same family. Agents of the English Wesleyan Missionary Society had been here, and in other parts of the country, occasionally before this. This was deemed an intrusion where they were not needed, by some, and through friendly negotiations, they were withdrawn. There were however a goodly number of English families who had a strong aversion to being connected with what they termed "Yankee Methodists." A building on George street, not very churchly in appearance, was procured, and Rev. Mr. Barry stationed there in 1832. Mr. Barry was an excellent man, and much beloved by all who knew him. As a preacher he was popular, and attracted the attention of many others outside those who first desired his ministrations. This, of course, took from the other body of Methodists, and hence the George street congregation and their pastor could not be looked upon with much favor. But the time was rapidly approaching when, it was fondly anticipated, this unseemly rivalry would cease. Terms of union were agreed upon by the Canadian and British Wesleyan Conferences, and practically carried out the following year, 1833. The missionary was withdrawn, and George street Church was closed. I remember hearing it said at the time, that Rev. Mr. Barry was exceedingly cautious in giving any encouragement to any members of the church outside the congregation to whom he ministered which would be calculated to produce dissatisfaction.

The Rev. George Marsden was sent out as the first English President of the Canadian Conference, which took place in Newgate (Adelaide) street Church, in October, 1833. Seven years of some degree of prosperity followed, not, however, entirely without friction. This was in many respects the darkest period of Canadian history. A dominant party, known as the "family compact," was regnant both in politics and church affairs. The rebellion took place in 1837. Depression was prevalent everywhere. These matters, connected with some controversy among themselves, did not contribute to religious prosperity in the Methodist Church of Toronto. A smaller number of members were reported at the end of seven years than when the union took place in 1833. In 1840 that union was dissolved by the withdrawal of the English Conference, on their alleged inability to approve of certain acts of the Canadian brotherhood. From that time, every year has reported an increase of membership, until it has risen up into the thousands. Great zeal was manifested by all parties. Whether this zeal was always pure, is still a question with me; yet I have little doubt but it was overruled for good, and marked and apparently genuine revivals followed.

After the return of the Canadian delegates from England, a special conference was held in October, 1840, and it was ascertained that a number, I think about a dozen at first, declared their adhesion to the English Conference, and wished to continue their ministry under the direction of the London Wesleyan Missionary Committee. George street Church was re-opened by Rev. Messrs. Richey and Stinson. This was the leading church of British Methodism, having been enlarged and much improved, until Richmond street Church was opened. Since then the old church has had a chequered history. It has been by turns an Orange hall, a Unitarian church, part of a smith's shop, and passing along the street to-day (April 27, 1888) and stopping to inquire, I found it had been turned side to the street and converted into two dwellings, far away below, I should say, first-class in their order. It stands almost directly opposite the George street Public School. Farewell to thee, old church! Within thy walls were ministers who have seldom been equalled or excelled—Richey, Stinson, Davidson, Hetherington, and others of equal worth! Among thy worshippers were occasionally found the first men of our land, Sir F. B. Head, Sir George Arthur and others! Among those who were leaders in thy songs of praise were many voices, full of music, sweet and clear. Clarke, noted for his amiability, Baxter (father of the present alderman of that name), a magnificent musician in his day! Not one of those whom I have mentioned is left among us now! To one and all, I say again, farewell! farewell! until we meet you with the great majority beyond.

This congregation moved to Richmond street in 1845. This was regarded as the cathedral of Methodism at the time. I remember hearing some young gentlemen who did not look upon it with much favor speak of it as "the bang-up church." It was, however, the home of many who feared the Lord, and Methodists from other parts of the country coming to Toronto always sought the privilege of attending "Richmond street prayer meeting." It was a colonizing church. The following all were offshoots from it: Queen street, Yorkville, Berkeley street and Elm street. The ministers first stationed there were men of note, Revs. W. M. Harvard and R. Cooney, D.D., with an assistant young man until the union of 1847. Mr. Harvard was one of the six young missionaries who sailed for India in 1814, with Dr. Coke, who died on the passage out. He was found in the morning, kneeling by his bed, his pure spirit having fled while engaged in his devotions. Mr. Harvard read the burial service over the body of Dr. Coke when he was buried in the Indian Ocean. A burial at sea! How deeply solemn is the scene, when you hear the words, "We commit his body to the deep." The end of the plank is raised on which the coffin rests; a splash is heard; you try to look after it, but you see it no more. The good ship speeds on her course as before. Such a scene I witnessed a few months ago, in mid-Atlantic Ocean. I have often heard Mr. Harvard speak with much enthusiasm of Dr. Coke, of whom he had a great fund of anecdotes, and of whom he never wearied talking. After remaining in Ceylon for some years, he returned to England, and subsequently came to Canada, where he remained until the union of 1847. Dr. Cooney was educated for the priesthood of the Church of Rome. On his conversion to Protestantism, he became a Methodist. He was a man of fine abilities, of exceeding good taste and very often gave utterance to marvellous witticisms. An expression of his in a sacramental address in Richmond street Church, which I thought very beautiful, has remained with me for more than forty years. It was this, "If all the angels in Heaven were to cease praising God, there are enough of us on earth, purchased with the precious blood of Jesus Christ, to take up and prolong the song through all eternity."

This was the time of controversy between the different Methodist bodies of the day, and also other religious denominations. Mr. Harvard was given to pamphleteering. His Canadian productions, some of them well on to half a century old, would furnish amusing reading at the present time. I have in my possession "A copy of all my Canadian works, the gift of the author." The following excerpts, being the titles only, will give some indication of the subjects treated. The first is entitled, "Remarks and Suggestions, Respectfully Offered, on that Portion of the Clergy Reserve Property (Landed and Funded), of Upper Canada, Not Specially Appropriated to any Particular Church," in a letter addressed to his Excellency Sir George Arthur, K. C. H., Governor and Commander-in-Chief, "etc., etc., etc., by the Rev. W. M. Harvard." This was published in 1839. Another pamphlet published in 1845, has the following title: "No Honesty Separate from Veracity; the Unrighteous Monopoly, by an Intolerant Party in the Church of England, of Whatever Christian Knowledge Canada Possesses, Examined, Exposed and Rebuked; to which is added: A Defence of the Wesleyan Methodists and other Orthodox Churches in Canada, Against the Unchristian Bitterness, 'Violent Dealing' and Misrepresentation of the Theological Professor of McGill College, Montreal, by the Rev. W. M. Harvard, 'a Friend of the Church of England." There is still the title of another, published in 1846: "Facts against Falsehood. The false allegations of their being a ministry—unnecessary, unfriendly, of merely political character, and of injurious tendency, made by the *Christian Guardian*, (the official organ of the Upper Canada Conference,) against the missionaries of the British Wesleyan Conference, in Western Canada, (with the view of injuring their credit and standing), fully and forcibly disproved; being a statement of the facts connected with the seven years' union between those two conferences, and also with its subsequent and sudden dissolution. A measure which was forced upon the British Conference, and which necessitated its missionaries to occupy their present separated and distinctive position in this Province. By the Rev. W. M. Harvard."

It has prefixed the following significant motto: "Prating against us with malicious words."—III Ep. John 10.

From the title pages, each of which is sufficiently descriptive to be the contents of an octavo volume, it will be readily inferred that Mr. Harvard was a gentleman of strong and somewhat eccentric convictions. Another illustration of this is found in the following dialogue between the minister and sexton, on a Sabbath evening, to the great amusement of the congregation. The sexton, as was usual with him, was proceeding to open the door, just as the minister was about to pronounce the benediction. Attempting to remedy the evil, Mr. Harvard turned to him and said: "Brother Sexton, I wish you to allow the door to remain closed until after I pronounce the benediction."

"But I am obliged to open it, sir."

"I say you must not."

"But I shall be trampled upon by the congregation, sir, before I can get out of the way."

"It is my command to you, that hereafter the door must be kept closed until after the benediction."

"No human being can do that, sir."

"Then," said Mr. Harvard, "we must get an angel from heaven to do it," and immediately said the benediction.

To be Concluded next week.

India's Man Eating Tigers.

One set of cages was very attractive to us. They contained ten huge tigers, all caught in India after proving themselves man eaters. Huge brutes which would spring at us as we passed with such ferocity that they would hurt themselves against the iron bars. The tigers of our menageries are puppets compared to these fierce monsters. A few annas to the keeper obtained for me the privilege of doing a little practice. Looking a fierce fellow steadily in the eye, and speaking in a stern but steady voice, I tapped him sharply over the head with my rattan cane. He blinked his eyes. I followed up the action with a sharper stroke and made him quiet down. I tried another, and actually made him lie down on his side and purr like a great cat. I did not fail once. The native looked at me admiringly and evidently thought I was accustomed to managing man eaters. What an amount of nerve a brave man has when he knows danger can not reach him.

Superiority of Modern Surgery.

One of the greatest points of superiority in modern over old time surgery is in the care taken to avoid the dangerous consequences which follow the entrance into a surgical wound of any impurity or foreign matter from the air, instruments or other source. These septic or fever producing particles are everywhere, and, if they do not produce more serious consequence in a wound, they prevent prompt and healthy healing. If a wound "heals by first intention," without inflammation or suppuration, then the antiseptic precautions have been complete. To attain this result the surgeon is extremely careful that his instruments are without blemish; that his hands are not only perfectly clean, but that they are dipped in antiseptic fluid; that the part of the patient's body to be operated on has been similarly cleansed; that the wound itself is cleansed with the same fluid before closing, and that the dressing is prepared with a like end in view.

On Divers Strings.

Sunset at the Island.

For Saturday Night.

Day sat on western waves that bound
Toronto's sandy isle around,
And break with slow and slumbrous sound
Upon the pebbly beach.

The sun that long on heaven's breast
His fiery march had fiercely pressed,
Wearily now sinks to rest
Beyond the blue hill's reach.

But ere in bosom of the night
He lays his glories out of sight,
And fr m the world his golden light
Hides till another day,

He pours upon those clouds that rolled,
Battlemented, big and bold.
A shimmering sheen of shining gold,
And red and purple-gray.

Till on that humid canvas high
It seemed some artist of the sky
Had mixed the hues seen b; no eye
On mortal's canvas blent,

And spread before my wondering gaze
A picture tint with rainbow rays,
Whose ever varying, colored blaze,
Seemed all divinely sent.

TORONTO. R. BUCHANAN.

Feathered Emigrants.

For Saturday Night.

Two little English sparrows
Dwelt in a maple tree,
They liked their fine new, foreign home
And both sang merrily
"We like this Yankee weather
Oh, yes, twee, wee, twee, wee."

But that was when the sun was warm
And beaming from the sky,
But when the cold, dark winter came
They homeward longed to fly,
And Mr. Sparrow sadly chirped
"My dear, I'm 'frald we 'll die."

Then some kind friend a warm box placed
High in that maple tree,
Where Mrs. Sparrow made a nest
And sang right merrily,
Tho' western winds blow cold and hard,
Yet western hearts are warm, twee, wee.

TORONTO. NORA LAUGHER.

Good-Bye.

To W. J. F.

For Saturday Night.

Why should we say "good-bye"?
—That sweetest, saddest word,
Too oft beneath it lie
Emotions idly stirred,
The German parting bears more hopeful strain,
—"We meet again!"

The world is wide we know,
The world is narrow too,
To come we first must go;
And now I wish to you
Until we say—All pleasure and no pain!—
—"We meet again!"

You bear a charm away,
Your own, I'll not deny,—
No one friend every may
Another's worth supply;
You'll bring it back all—smilingly, and then,
We meet again!

ELORA. A. C

Unsolved Problems.

For Saturday Night.

I wonder if the monoron, to whom so proudly my
Evolutionary pedigree I trace,
In his protoplasmic intellect revolved the questions high
That looked his generation in the face!

When the "struggle for existence" with his origin began
And his wondrous ontogenesis progressed,
Did lofty aspirations to develop into man
Thrill the animate albumen of his breast?

When he on his pseudopodia began to move about
To investigate primordial affairs,
On the mighty social problems did he eloquently spout
And eternally keep raving for repairs?

Now, if some man of science will to all these knotty points
A solution hypothetical propose,
I'll pray that some great psychopomp his honored soul appoints
A place for aye unvisited by woes.

DELAWARE, ONT. MERONEE.

Nancy.

In brown holland apron she stood in the kitchen;
Her sleeves were rolled up and her cheeks all aglow;
Her hair was coiled neatly; and I, indiscreetly,
Stood watching while Nancy was kneading the dough.

Now, who could be neater, or brighter, or sweeter,
Or who hum a song so delightfully low,
Or who look so slender, so gracefully tender,
As Nancy, sweet Nancy, while kneading the dough?

How deftly she pressed it, and squeezed and caressed it,
And twisted and turned it, now quick and now slow.
Ah, me, but that madness I've paid for in sadness!
'Twas my heart she was kneading as well as the dough.

At last, when she turned for her pan to the dresser,
She saw me and blushed, and said shyly, "Please go,
Or my bread'll be spoiling, in spite of my toiling,
If you stand here and watch while I'm kneading the dough."

I begged for permission to stay. She'd not listen;
The sweet little tyrant said, "No, sir; no! no!"
Yet when I had vanished on being thus banished,
My heart staid with Nancy while kneading the dough.

I'm dreaming, sweet Nancy, and see you in fancy,
Your heart, love, has softened and pitied my woe;
And we, dear, are rich in a dainty wee kitchen
Where Nancy, my Nancy, stands kneading the dough.

JOHN A. FRASER.

Here and There.

It is to be hoped there is no truth in the report that the City Council intend offering fifty cents for every tagless dog brought to headquarters. If true, the Council will do wisely in reconsidering the unfair effect of such a decision. It is perhaps a right and proper thing that a regularly constituted officer should be empowered to "net" all tagless and ownerless animals. But such officers have been known to "scoop in" valuable dogs whose necks have borne legitimate evidence of the license inspector's sanction to appear at all times on the public streets.

* * *

The suit of the late Mr. George Grasett against the City of Toronto is a case in point. The plaintiff clearly proved that his dog—a valuable spaniel—was properly tagged at the time of capture, and the city, very properly, had to pay heavy damages for the rascality of its own servant.

* * *

So long as this power is in the hands of but one individual there is not grave cause for apprehension, but it will be patent to everyone that the offer of a reward of fifty cents for every tagless animal will raise an army of dog-snatchers with whom the snapping of a tag and a collar will be but a momentary consideration. Many a lad who would see the City Fathers "furder" rather than run in a tagless canine, for love of the thing, will find his sentiments very materially altered when he receives fifty cents for each appearance at headquarters. We are apt to appreciate a good thing at the hands of our City Parents, because it is so seldom we get it, but this case in point is not the exception that proves the rule.

* * *

Torontonians who have lived in Paris will read with interest that the late Archbishop received ordination at the hands of Monsignor D'Arthe, "The Martyr of the Barricades." They will, doubtless, remember the sculptured figure on the tomb of the latter in that gloomy southern aisle of Notre Dame, where the murdered prelate is depicted as he stood at the head of the barricades, vainly beseeching the "Irreconcilables" to desist from further strife, nor will they forget the last words of the noble churchman, as he fell gasping and done to death by the bullets of his own people, "*Puisse mon sang etre le dernier verse*" (May my blood be the last to be shed). But he was not to be the last episcopal victim. Two decades later a successor of his, Monsignor Darboy, received a crimsoned "anointing for death" at the hands of the brutal followers of the Commune, in the uncompromising struggle of the latter with the troops of Versailles.

* * *

Speaking of Paris, ever since the Wilson-Limouzin scandal any one appearing in public wearing decorations under suspicious circumstances is apt to be summarily investigated. At least, such has been the fate of an honest veteran who has chosen a curious method of earning a living.

In front of a beer saloon, known in Paris as a "brasserie," on the not aristocratic boulevard Clichy, and not far from the famous prison where Horace Greeley was once incarcerated, may be seen standing daily, in sunshine and shower, a broken ex-soldier, bearing an immense placard on which are celebrated the virtues of the particular beverages sold within. On his breast he wears the cross of the Legion of Honor. The other day a gendarme, noting the decoration, and taking it for granted that the man had no right to wear it, proposed to "run him in."

"Come, take that off," was his uncivil demand.

"Lower your paws," was the soldier's response. "I won this cross on the field of battle, and it must be respected. Salute it, officer."

And the stoical defender of his country went on with his chant:

"Walk in, walk in; thirty centimes a glass."

"My name," he subsequently explained to an inquiring journalist, "is Pierre Janchere. I was born at Blaye in 1835, and am therefore 55. Not old, but broken just the same, so thoroughly has my skin been riddled by bullets and my body maltreated by the enemy. Seventeen wounds, monsieur, count for something. I received them in the Crimea, in Italy and in 1870."

"But the cross?"

"That was given me at Buzenval on January 19th, 1871, for my conduct during the fight. And now, worn out and used up, I get a pension of 400 francs ($86) from the Government; but although I'm not a gourmand, with bread and beef at their present price, I can't live on 400 francs. I haven't the strength to work, so all I can do is to stand here and hold this sign. Anyway, it's better than begging," added the old man as he resumed his song: "Walk in, walk in; thirty centimes a glass."

* * *

"A Trip to England" is the re-print of a series of contributions by Goldwin Smith to the columns of *The Week*.

* * *

Of such a work as this, coming as it does from the pen of one who knows so well whereof he writes, it goes without saying that every line is pregnant with an enduring interest. To those who may journey amongst the historic scenes of the Motherland, "A Trip to England" will be esteemed an invaluable guide and assistance. Dear to the heart of many an honest son of old England will be these half hundred pages, instinct with sentiments of the highest patriotism, and heightened in effect by that purity and elegance of diction which are so completely at the command of this brilliant Englishman. Listen! or, better still, quietly read and note the manner in which the days of bastard-chivalry are disposed of in the paragraph on the Temple Church in London: "That fantastic after-growth which appeared when the crusades were over, and which swore on the swans, worshipped women as goddesses, while it by no means treated them as Dianas, performed crazy vows in their honor, tilted in senseless tournaments, made reckless wars out of a mere spirit of adventure, cultivated a narrow sense of honor, trampled on the peasant, and at last sat for the portrait of Don Quixote."

* * *

It is true, and pity it is 'tis true! that surface critics have applied the epithet of denaturalized Englishman to the author of "Three English Statesmen," but let such tell us if any, but one imbued with an undying love for the old land could have written the following lines, "Gray church towers, hamlets, mansions, homesteads, cottages, showing themselves everywhere, fill the landscape in most intensely green, when the May is in bloom in all the hedges, and the air is full of its fragrance, when the meadows are full of cowslips, the banks of primroses and violets, and the woods of the wild hyacinth."

* * *

And in words—not of adulation, but simply as one relating a fact, it can truly be said that because he has—unmoved by that shallow desire for popular applause, which is the bane of our public men—consistently battled in season and out of season for what has seemed to him the cause of humanity and progress, the name of Goldwin Smith is regarded with affectionate admiration by Englishmen of all classes throughout this broad Dominion. At a period when it is but as yesterday, when Canadian statesmen were truckling with the Home Rule element here, and vote-haunted members of Parliament were offering the uncalled-for expression of an unfelt sympathy with that body, and, through them, with the enemies of England, it is well to remember that Goldwin Smith was foremost with tongue and pen in maintaining the integrity of the Empire, and this too, at a period when such a stand was not by any means so popular as it is to-day. Loyal Britons do not forget the service his pen has done in removing the mask of falsehood from the brow of sedition.

ST. GEORGE.

The Viceroy of India.

Lord Dufferin appears to be as popular in India as he was in Canada. He and Lady Dufferin possess in a high degree the art of making friends and of keeping them. On the eve of their departure from India the Viceroy and his wife were presented with addresses by the inhabitants of Calcutta. The ceremony took place in the Town hall, and their reception was most enthusiastic. "The tribute," the London *Times* says, "was well deserved. His tenure of office, although not long, has been on the whole singularly fortunate. Within the country the *Pax Britannica* has been preserved, and domestic legislation on more than one delicate and difficult subject has been carried through with success. The foreign affairs of India have been more perplexing and have given more opportunity for wise or unwise management. That the storm cloud which hung over the Northwestern frontier at the time of the Penjdeh incident passed quietly away, was due very largely to Lord Dufferin's diplomatic skill." It will be seen from this that Lord Dufferin's reputation as an able and judicious administrator has become more firmly established by the way in which he has, during the last four years, performed the very important duties of a high and most difficult position. At one time the continuance of peaceful relations between Great Britain and Russia depended upon his discretion and he succeeded not only in averting a dreadful war but in promoting a settlement of the question in dispute which appears to have been satisfactory to all the parties concerned and which promises to be permanent.

In the other great measure of his administration, the annexation of Burmah, he has not been so fortunate. That measure, according to Lord Dufferin, was a necessity, but the consequences have not yet been so happy either to India or to the inhabitants of the annexed country, as the Governor-General hoped and expected. The country, though nominally subdued, has been ever since its conquest in a disturbed condition. The Dacoits have annoyed and alarmed the peaceful inhabitants, and have kept the British troops actively but unsatisfactorily employed. The robbers have hardly been driven out of one district before they have appeared in another, and to-day they are as troublesome and to all appearance as numerous as they were twelve months ago. Disarming the inhabitants has had no other effect than to make them the unresisting prey of the bands of marauders who are continually roaming about in almost every part of the country. It may be that Lord Dufferin's hopes and expectations as regards the consequences of Upper Burmah may be realized in time, but so far, those who are in a position to judge, confess that the result is disappointing.

It must not be forgotten that Lady Dufferin has in her sphere effectively seconded the efforts of her husband to ameliorate the condition of the people of India. The work that she has begun has already produced the best effects, and will continue to do good after her guiding hand is withdrawn. The association for supplying medical aid to the women of India which she organized was greatly needed, and if properly supported, as it no doubt will be, will incalculably lessen suffering and "bring increased health and happiness to countless India households." Looking back on the success of Lord Dufferin's short administration, to the good that he and Lady Dufferin have done and to their many endearing social qualities it is not surprising that the people of India regret their departure.

One of the Bravest is a sensational comedy drama in three acts, which has enlivened the Toronto Opera House during the week.

There is nothing new in the plot of the piece, which follows the old towpath of hundreds of others that are not lost, but simply gone before. There is a villain who still pursues her, an Irishmam, a colored gemman and a heathen Chinee, who work up to the different climaxes with praise-worthy indifference to the usual probabilities which govern time and space.

*

Several of the scenes are strikingly realistic, creating a goodly amount of amusement, especially the whimsicalities of Mrs. Grogan which part is admirably sustained by Mr. Wm. Cronin. Mr. Geo. Reynolds was an immense favorite with the gallery as the white gemman, a trifle off color, who used "to tote de water bucket, sah." As Rufus Ward, "one whose life might have been different had he reflected," Mr. E. A. White's effectiveness might have been different had he refrained from the unspeakable manner in which he repeatedly cleared his voice when in full view and hearing of his outraged audience. Such conduct on the part of a player is simply unbearable and all the more so that he possesses a certain amount of talent which under other circumstances would have commended him to the good will of the house. Neither should some of the players forget that whilst this is a free and democratic country a more lavish use of Morse's Mottled would not be foreign to the matter. Personally one may overlook these eccentricities of genius, but the great, wide, breezy world will have none of them, and actors, like common mortals, will do well to trim their sails to the popular breeze.

*

Miss Clara Shropp is a clever little soubrette and dancer. Her topical song Excuse Me, I'll Tell You no More, was encored thrice.

*

Mr. Ned Barry, in a rusty suit of "evening dress" and a plug hat of the year one, gave one or two songs in true music hall style; nor must that clever little acrobat, Mr. Thomas O'Brien, be forgotten, for his tumbling afforded much amusement and pleasure to the whole house.

*

One word more regarding the characterization of the typical Irish woman by Mr. Wm. Cronin. This was very funny, and, of course, afforded unbounded delight, and here is where the great public has to confess its obligation to the great playwright who has furnished us with a character of Irish pluck, skill and handicraft, which a merciful Providence has never permitted to appear off the stage.

*

Mr. Charles McCarthy, the star of the piece, gave an admirable and manly representation of the heroic fireman. SATURDAY NIGHT had the pleasure of having a half hour's chat with this genial player, and learned that he is thoroughly versed in the details of the duties of One of the Bravest, having made a special study of the working of the fire department in New York, and his representation of this character gives admirable proof that he has profited thereby. In his dual character of Hop Wah, the Celestial washee washee, he is a brilliant success, and here is where his one time position as Chinese Interpreter at San Francisco has stood him in good stead. His company at present is in its youth, but he expects to make it a first-class affair before the year is out. All the latest appliances employed by the New York fire department will be brought into use, and it is safe to predict a brilliant future for One of the Bravest.

*

The boards of the Grand were held during the latter part of last week, by a company which should have taken to the woods long ago. Criticism on Genevieve is witheld until the company has mastered the elementary principles of stage-playing.

*

Untied finishes a three nights and matinee engagement to-night, and doubtless the twirlers of the ball in Toronto will realize that they have still a hearty support in Toronto.

STAGE GOSSIP.

A quaint story comes from Chicago with the Rosina Vokes company. Mr. Ferdinand Gottschalk is a great amateur palmist, and Mr. Clay, in a spirit of deviltry, put Courtenay Thorpe behind a curtain through which his hand was thrust. This was submitted to Gottschalk, who recognized whose it was at once. After telling the company all he knew about Thorpe, but putting it all as if it were a lady's hand, he concluded: "You think you could act; but if you try will find that you cannot. This line indicates that you were intended by nature to wield the shears—with a little more literary taste and learning you might ably assist the exchange editor of a country weekly, but as you are deficient in these I should advise you to try dressmaking or something of that sort. You will before long meet the man whom you love and he will lead you to the altar, where, as *this* line indicates, you will be happily wedded to him. You will have four children—" At this point Mr. Thorpe dived through the curtain and the meeting broke up in confusion.

When W. J. Florence was a lad, playing minor comedy parts in a Broadway theater at ten dollars a week, he thought he was madly in love with a young actress at work for the same stipend. During the play, one night, he invited her to take some oysters after the performance. Then he rushed to his lodgings, changed his clothes, met her, and took her to an oyster-house. His bill there was one dollar and ninety cents, but unfortunately he found he had left all his money in his other clothes. The waiter and the proprietor both said his story was too disphanous, and made him give up his watch and his father's ring that he wore. Just then a white-haired, benevolent-looking old gentleman came out of one of the private dining compartments they used to have in those days, and thundered at the proprietor: "Give that youth back his watch and chain and ring. Let me pay his bill. You ought to be ashamed, sir. Any one can see that this is an honest youth and his companion a perfect lady. (The lady was in tears). I will pay the bill and never set foot in your place again." Out in the street, Florence was overcome with gratitude. "Give me your address, sir," said he to the kindly old gentleman; "I will return you the money to-morrow." "Oh, never mind," said the philanthropist; "that was a counterfeit twenty-dollar bill I handed to that old fool. It was worth nothing, and he gave me eighteen dollars and ten cents change for it. That's the way I make my living. Good night."

Correspondence.

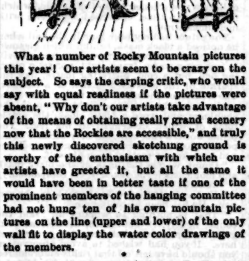
To the Editor of Saturday Night:

SIR,—You made this statement in a recent issue of SATURDAY NIGHT, "We hope the day will never come in Toronto, when men will retain their seats in the street cars while women are standing." Now, you must be blind as to what is going on every day, women do stand in the street cars, and many men think differently from you in this matter, it is not right to think and expect that men will give up their seats when women are standing, and I, for one, sympathize with men who refrain from this weakness. I always believe in the rule which says, ladies first, when there is a vacant seat, but not in the interruption of others who have first right. In large cities, take New York for instance, you can see ladies decline an offer of a seat, and in all cases you will see ladies standing while men are sitting. There is some excuse for young men because they are easily led, but to witness old men giving up their seats is a puzzler. I use the street cars every day, the large cars, and know what I am talking about.

R. A. P.

R. A. P. is rather exercised in mind on this subject, but it may safely be said that a very few moments' reflection will show him that this is a matter in which the exercise of good taste and common sense will find a speedy solution. There are occasions when it is not advisable to give place to the fair sex, as in the case of elderly men, but most folks in Toronto prefer to belong to the old-fashioned people who have been taught that there is nothing degrading or foolish in thus yielding the *pas* to the wearers of the kirtle. ED.

Art and Artists.



What a number of Rocky Mountain pictures this year! Our artists seem to be crazy on the subject. So says the carping critic, who would say with equal readiness if the pictures were absent, "Why don't our artists take advantage of the means of obtaining really grand scenery now that the Rockies are accessible," and truly this newly discovered sketching ground is worthy of the enthusiasm with which our artists have greeted it, but all the same it would have been in better taste if one of the prominent members of the hanging committee had not hung ten of his own mountain pictures on the line (upper and lower) of the only wall fit to display the water color drawings of the members.

*

Beginning with the catalogue D. Fowler's skied picture No. 3, A Storm Beaten Shore, is one of his characteristic sketchy drawings marked by force and true drawing. His Dark Pool (32) is another successful study. We are glad to see it marked sold. His Midday Shade (45) is also worthy of his best days and all we have to regret is the absence of his old time game and flower pieces.

*

Another veteran artist, W. N. Cresswell, who has fared badly as to hanging, has Cucomonda Mountains (46) too high to be properly seen, and San Diego, California, (55), but (265) Wreck on the Pacific Coast is perhaps his best. Nos. 280 and 289 will give a good idea of his style in treating rural and wild scenery respectively.

*

L. R. O'Brien's Mt. Sir Donald (14) is perhaps his best picture, but Burrard Inlet (62) and Brockton Point are two nice little pictures, clean and finished like all Mr. O'Brien's work. Yale, B. C., (57) is also well painted, but we are informed that his best work this year has been sold at a private exhibition he held in Montreal in the Art Association gallery.

*

Mr. Matthews shows a nice bit of mountain scenery in No. 12. The foreground is particularly good, but his best work is No. 17, Mt. Sir Donald, full of good, honest, painstaking work. Mt. Cheops (27) has good work but is not so pleasing a picture. The Glacier Path (15) is also good, on the whole we prefer Mr. Matthews' smaller pieces, which seem to be more carefully painted as well as more successful in color than his larger works.

*

F. M. Bell-Smith has a large number of Rocky Mountain scenes, the best being Bearsfoot Mountain (29) and Hazy Day (38). The Day's Decline (53) and Valley of the Otter Tail (258) are also good, but the two larger pictures, Morning Mists (26) and Mt. Carrol (42), are too hastily and carelessly painted for such important subjects.

*

T. Mower-Martin's large picture, Martin's Peak (36), in the centre of the wall, is a boldly treated picture of mountains with the beaten track of the railway. His other mountain picture, Summit Lake (5), shows a careful rendering of Mt. St. Denis under a cloudy sky. The Last Snari (250), with the Indian cautiously approaching the dying bear, is quite original in treatment and Canadian in character. The Wild Swan (271) and Pigeons (307) are among the best of this artist's works.

*

F. C. V. Ede is the name of a young painter from whom much is hoped. His Peril *en route* (35) is well placed, and is artistic in treatment, though very sketchy. His High Park (51) has a good style about it, as has also his Divided (19). We overheard an artist intimating that there was a want of originality about these pictures, which we would fain hope is not founded on fact.

*

C. M. Manley's June Days (244) was worthy of a better fate than to be hanged in the dark. His 234 is a good example of careful work and nicely modulated color. In Summer is Queen he is not quite so successful.

*

J. T. Rolph's Bay of Quinte (71) is well worthy of notice. So are Late November (310) and Old House (229), by the same hand.

*

E. May Martin shows promise in her Spring Flowers (246), and good feeling for color and repose in By the Lakeside (255). Among the Birches is a good wood interior, a little wanting in finish, but in good keeping.

*

Mr. Forshaw Day shows as results of last summer's work in the mountains Mt. Cheops (15), Hermit Glacier (23), Glacier Mountains (52) and Rainy Weather (60) are two of his best.

*

C. S. Millard, one of our old contributors, has not sent his best work in 44 and 21. His Coniston Falls (308) is better, but not equal to his old work.

*

Henry Martin has a nice bit of woodland study badly hanged (242). Two good compositions by his hand are Keene's Valley (59) and Ben More (296).

*

We should like to see more works by C. J. Way, the painter of Mouth of the Dart (68). There is an open air effect about the little bit that is refreshing.

*

O. R. Jacobi is not quite equal to his best, except in A Quiet Sunset (4) and On the Montmorenci River (58). These are good specimens of his old and best style.

*

By new names, but well worth notice, are, On the Atlantic Coast (30) by J. W. Morice and Bluff Point (282) by R. Paley. On the whole the Academy is to be congratulated on the most successful collection of water colors yet shewn.

The Gas-Bag.

For Saturday Night.

He is a terror. How often have we heard him describing his imagined adventures when against a countless horde he holds his own and sends to grass his every foe.

I have heard him; I have met him.

He is a fat, good-humored, common-place chap with big feet and big hands.

He is almost invariably a crack boxer, and woe betide the man who tackles him single-handed and without gloves.

It has been said that in a good old-time fight he has been known to wear specially light running shoes to enable him to leave the field bright and early, but this a false calumny and deserves to be severely ruled out as such.

He sticks at nothing—the smile that would dry up a Toronto street after a rain, the most frigid, sarcastic remarks, alike, have no effect on his metal skull. He is generally impervious to the entrance of anything in that region except grub, of which he can almost eat you out of house and home.

He is not only a gasbag, but a determined and desperate exaggerator.

No story is permitted to pass him without such a mauling that its own father would not recognize it. I have known him—but never mind—instances are too numerous to mention.

A March day will always play second violin to him for bluster.

What is he good for? to walk on your toes, borrow money and forget to pay it back.

Here I may add that he is usually careless, with that utter reckless disregard for another's that makes detectives of his acquaintances.

He talks as loud as his watch-chain and affects an authoritative tone, which is supposed to quell all doubts and dispel all fear. His creed is—I, me and mine, first—you and yours, nowhere.

The nervous look up to him, the timid are afraid of him, but we who know him better size him up and grade him with the scarecrow.

When did you know the time that he refused to dine at your expense, although he may just have finished a hearty dinner? I never knew that time and my experience is varied.

He is, too, not infrequently rain, and angles in this style: "When did you ever see an uglier-lookin' individual than myself?" "I believe my ears were meant for door-mats," etc., etc.; and you must reply, for he presses you for an answer. Should you lie and tell him you have seen uglier fellows, he is immediately your friend—you can't shake him off, and shortly afterwards you are out a fiver. From stern experience I never lie to him, but tell him the plain unwhitewashed truth.

It has been asserted that he thinks, but it is not that deep thought which the novelists write about, but simply inch deep.

His familiarity, too, is oppressive. The man whom yesterday he did not know and then scarcely heard his name, to-day he smites heartily on the back, remarking:

"Hello, Tom, put it there." Tom may feel tired, but there is no use in showing his weariness.

But with all his faults the gas-bag teaches us a lesson and that is, the less we have to do with him the better.

DOMINICK.

A Healthful Exercise.

Boston young lady (to hardware dealer)—My physician has advised me to take up fencing for exercise. Mr. Sharpedge, have you any er——

Dealer—Post hole augers? Yes, step this way please.

The Spy of the Secret Three

A VENETIAN TALE.

CHAPTER II.—CONTINUED.

Alonzo sat for some moments without speaking. At length he arose and laid his hand upon the old man's arm. His lips were tightly closed, and his face wore a stern and determined look.

"Bernardo, do you know where Zenella is?"

"I do not."

"You can give me no clew to her whereabouts?"

"Not the least."

"Do you know if she is in Venice?"

"I do not know even that, my lord. Your father was very secret in the disposal of the maiden, and took none of his servants into his confidence."

"Then," cried the prince, smiting his hands together, "be it mine to find her! Come confiscation—come banishment—whatever may betide—I will seek for my lost love till I find her; and when I have found her I will give her my hand if she will accept it. My heart has been all her own for years."

The old servant approached and laid his hand upon his master's shoulder.

"Dear boy—Alonzo—my lord—O! let me entreat you—let me beseech you—do not give yourself up to this wild freak. You know not what you do.

"But I do know," interrupted the prince.

"Nay, my lord," continued the steward, "you cannot truthfully say that. Upon such a matter knowledge cannot come without consideration, and you have not considered at all."

"Look you, Bernardo," cried the young noble, impatiently. "You say that Zenella's parents were banished?"

"Aye, my master; banished in dishonor, I believe."

"And their property confiscate?"

"Yes."

"And if I wed with this maiden I may suffer the same penalty?"

"Yes."

"And what more?"

"Is not that enough?"

"Not enough to hold me back from my purpose. I have considered it all, and am resolved."

"But good my lord, have you considered the dishonor? Have you considered that the name of Verona will be blotted out forever from the Golden Book?"

"Yes, Bernardo; and still I am resolved. Let the ten do their worst, and let the Secret Three set their hounds upon my track as they please, such defence as I have, I do grant, I am not afraid. I have no great love for Venice, since I must sell my heart in order to gain its good will. Let them take my ancestral estates, if they will. I have property which they cannot touch, and the Duke of Milan will welcome me with open arms. Say no more. I go to search for Zenella."

"Alas! my master," groaned the steward with deep concern. "I still must say, you know not what you do. Your father had his reasons—"

"For not wishing confiscation to come upon his estates," broke in the prince.

"More than that, I am sure," pursued Bernardo. "If you persist in your headstrong purpose, I fear a great calamity will befall you."

"Bah! you are croaking, my good old friend. Fear not for me; nor need you fear for yourself. When I leave Venice you shall go with me, if you will."

Alonzo did not stop to hear the old man's reply. He repaired to his chamber, where he dressed himself with scrupulous care, and having summoned his valet, he descended to the canal, and called a gondola, which landed him at the Piazetta, whence he made his way to the Grand Piazza, where he met quite a number of his old friends; and among them was one who had been his playmate and school-fellow, and whom he had loved as a brother—the Count Adrian Gonsalvo.

"Ah!—Alonzo—my Prince—dear boy!—your hand! I saw you last evening, as you came up the Grand Canal."

"My dear Count, this is a pleasure, indeed. I think I find the same true heart I left beating in your bosom five years ago."

"A heart, Alonzo, that will never turn its love away from you," replied Gonsalvo, warmly and impulsively.

The Count Adrian Gonsalvo was a year, or so, older than the prince; a bold and handsome man, and a representative of one of the oldest patrician families in Venice.

"Upon my word, Count," said De Verona, when they had walked apart, and had stopped by the pillar upon the towering capital of which rested the tassels of the Lion of St. Mark, "you have grown into solemn manhood since I left."

The count gave a slight start, and looked into his companion's face.

"Solemn, Alonzo? You are jesting. You must be gazing through a pair of solemn eyes."

"Pardon me, Adrian. And yet I did not jest. I fancied I saw lines and shadows of care upon your kind face."

"Aye," cried the count, with a light laugh, "and I fancied the same of you. Why! it cannot be that we are growing old. You have no care upon your mind! Ah—I forgot your father. Pardon me, my Prince."

Alonzo glanced about him to see that no eavesdroppers were near, and then said:

"I need help, and I must be careful whom I take into my confidence."

"You are right," said the count, with a serious look. "Beware how you give your secrets to the wind in Venice. But you know you may depend upon me. Ah, my dear friend, I have cause to— But proceed. Let me know your wishes."

And thereupon Alonzo told his companion the story of Zenella, as it had transpired in his interview with his old steward.

"All my hopes of happiness in the time to come depend upon my finding her, 'he said, in conclusion; "and to that end I need the assistance of some one who can make inquiries without exciting suspicion."

The count listened attentively, and with deepest interest; and when Alonzo had concluded there was a cloud upon his brow, and he shook his head with solemn meaning.

"My dear Prince, you have not seen Zenella for five years?"

"Five years, Adrian."

"And she was very young when you left her."

"She was fourteen; but even then blooming into the richness and beauty of maidenly grandeur. She was a remarkable girl—far in advance of her years in knowledge, in grace, and in understanding. Do you not remember her?"

"Yes—I remember her," replied Gonsalvo, with his head bowed. "I remember that she was beautiful as the first blush of a summer's morning, and as mild in her celestial radiance as the halo that caps the horizon of evening. I never knew but one other so beautiful as she."

"And that other—"

"You never saw her, Alonzo."

The count struggled a moment with a passing emotion, and then proceeded:

"My dear, friend—my brother, may I offer one word of counsel?"

"Offer what you please, Adrian."

"Then listen.—for be sure I speak as one who knows: Your father acted as seemed to him best; and you cannot doubt that he acted in love for you. If you are wise, you will give over this scheme. Forget the girl, and—

"Hold!" cried the prince, grasping his companion by the arm. And then he added, in tones of heart-born earnestness and decision: "I have counted the cost—confiscation, banishment, my family name stricken from the Golden Book—I have counted all, and am yet resolved. Another word of discussion, and I seek elsewhere for aid."

The count put forth his hand and gave it to his friend. His look was serious, and even sad, but his speech was frank and brotherly.

"Forgive me, Alonzo. I will say no more. I know what it is to love. Command me, and I will obey, even to the risk of my life."

"You will help me to find my Zenella?"

"Yes."

"Then may God bless and guide you. Ah! here comes a stranger. I think I saw him with you upon the landing."

"Yes, the Marquis de St. Moray—a Frenchman, and a good fellow. I will introduce you."

CHAPTER III.

THE INQUISITOR AND THE SPY.

For several days Alonzo of Verona moved abroad but little. Beppo, who had been intrusted with the secrets of his master, went out, day and night, searching for some clew to the missing maiden; but as yet he had found none. The Count Gonsalvo had also made search with a like fruitless result.

"Do not be discouraged yet, my dear Prince," said the count, as the two sat, one evening, in the library of the Verona Palace. "If Zenella is in Venice, we will find her. But you must not bury yourself here. If you would escape suspicion, mingle with your fellows, and put on a free and careless look. Have you visited the Casino yet?"

"No."

"Then let us go there this evening. I have tickets. Come—the play and the music may cheer you."

"I do not play, Count."

"But you can see others play. I do not myself court the fickle goddess, though I sometimes throw down a few sequins for appearance sake. Will you not go?

"Yes—anything to please you, Adrian."

"You have masks?"

"A score of them."

"Then let us equip ourselves and go."

The prince arose and opened a door of a large oaken cabinet, and took thereon a number of silken masks. He selected for himself a black one, and the count took the same color. Shortly afterwards they buckled on their swords and descended to the canal, where the count's own gondola was in waiting.

"Have you a good sword?" asked Gonsalvo, after they had taken their seats.

"As good as ever came from the most renowned force of Damascus. But why do you ask that! You do not apprehend the need of such defence at the Casino?"

"Not at all. A sword is simply a friend at a pinch; and though we may have occasion for its service only once in a lifetime, yet when that one need shall come, we want the blade to be a trusty one."

"I can trust mine, Adrian."

"And if your hand has not lost its aforetime cunning, I think you can trust that also."

"I am not entirely out of practice."

From this the conversation took a general turn until they reached the marble steps of the Casino, about which were gathered a large number of gondolas; but our friends had no difficulty in effecting a landing, and at the principal entrance they delivered their tickets and received small checks in their stead, which they were obliged to give to the door-keeper of the great hall. The main hall of the Casino was vast in extent, and gorgeous in its decorations. The walls were draped with hangings of embroidered silk and velvet, the high arched roof was supported by marble pillars of rare quality and exquisite polish, while the light from hundreds of silver lamps cast a fairy-like glow through the place. The tables of the bankers were set near to the walls, and upon their green covers were exposed large piles of gold and silver, besides unopened bags of coin bearing the broad seal of the State Treasurer. The players were nearly masked, though the old frequenters of the place were well known to each other, despite their disguises. In a gallery was stationed a band of music, which, from time to time, enlivened the scene with melodious strains.

The prince had not been long in the hall when he noticed a black mask, through whose glasses a pair of eyes whose light was intense and evil. It was not a warm, frank light, nor yet a piercing one, but a cold, glittering lustre, like the sparkle of the eyes of a snake, or a basilisk. The wearer of the mask was rather above the medium height, with a slight stoop in the shoulders, and wore a black cloak, the ample folds of which descended to his feet. The prince noticed this man, not only because of his peculiar look, but because those glittering eyes had been keenly resting upon himself.

"Count, who is that man of the black mask and long cloak?" he asked of his companion.

"Where?"

"He has just stopped at the table in the corner. He has been watching me."

"That is nothing to wonder at," said the count, lightly. "Your garb, as well as your general appearance, betokens you a stranger here. If you had wished to avoid observation you should have left off that richly embroidered tunic, and exchanged your jeweled baldric for a common sword belt."

"But," pursued Alonzo, "others have eyed me sharply, and I have not given them a thought; but this man's glance is evil. Do you not know him?"

"He is evidently in deep disguise," returned Adrian, "though I certainly have seen those shoulders before. Ah! he has stopped at the bank of the Jew, Ben-hadad."

"Will he play, think you?"

"Ben-hadad's is not a bank for play. He sits here to exchange money, and to advance gold on good securities. His is a lucrative business."

"Ben-hadad!" mused the prince. "My father used to have business with him. Is he not the Jew who lives in the old house upon the square of the Ghetto, near to the church of Saint Jeremiah?"

"The same, Prince."

"I remember him well. His beard has grown somewhat more silvery, though I should say he wears the selfsame gabardine that draped his venerable form in the other years. I look upon him as an old friend, for I know he was a friend to my father. I must call upon him."

"Not at his house, Prince."

"Why not?"

"Because," returned Gonsalvo, with a light laugh, "there might be danger. It is whispered that he has a daughter as beautiful as a seraph; a maiden, whom she sings, is like the tuneful melody of the angels. Men who have seen her call her The Pearl of the Ghetto. If you would retain the image of Zenella in your heart, venture not into the presence of Ben-hadad's fair daughter."

Alonzo laughed lightly in turn as he replied:

"Your counsel is wasted upon me, dear Count. Not all the beauty of all the fabled houries of paradise combined could entice me from love of Zenella. But if this Jewess be as fair and beautiful as you say, it cannot be that her father exposes her to the gaze of his visitors."

"True, Alonzo. She is only seen by accident; and I doubt if the old money-lender would suffer such as you to come in her way."

"Such as me, Count?"

"Pshaw! Do you not comprehend? Does a man drop sparks upon tinder if he would not have a fire? But see, the black mask is in close conversation with the old Jew. Wait you here while I go and see if I can discover who he is."

While the count was gone Alonzo de Verona was left to his own reflections. The games of the players at the surrounding tables had no interest for him. He thought first of the young Jewess of whom his friend had spoken. He knew that Gonsalvo was not an enthusiast, nor yet a seeker after female society. In his social habits he was religiously moral, and held pure virtue in high esteem. Hence his praise of the Jewess had weight. What could this Pearl of the Ghetto be like? Could she be as beautiful as was his own Zenella?

"Pshaw! What is the daughter of Ben-hadad to me?"

So said the prince to himself, and then he thought of Gonsalvo.

"Adrian is only a year older than I, and yet he wears, at times, the sedateness of age and the solemnity of long and harrowing experience. At one time he is gay and frank, and at another thoughtful even to gloominess. And he gives me counsel as though he were my ancient. Verily, my friend is a puzzle to me."

The prince was thus soliloquizing when he felt a hand upon his shoulder, and when he looked up he beheld the mask of his companion.

"Ah, Count, you have been expeditious."

"Yes, Alonzo; I had need to hear the tones of that man's voice but once in order to look beneath the mask he wears."

"You are serious, Adrian. Who is he?"

"Come this way." And the count drew the prince beneath the musician's gallery.

"Alonzo, that man is Rinaldi, one of the Secret Three!"

The prince shuddered as shudders one who has trodden upon an asp.

"Do the State Inquisitors frequent the Casino?" he asked.

"There is no place in Venice where they may not at times be found," returned the count; "and no man can tell how many of their spies may be at this very moment in the hall. Ha! whom have we here?"

This exclamation was called forth by the appearance of a new-comer at the door, who wore a full mask of black cambric, and a long black cloak of coarse cloth was as sombre as was his mask. He was of medium height, with broad, sloping shoulders, and his gait was stealthy like the eyes of a cat. And his tread, too, was like a cat's. He moved with a creeping, noiseless step; his head bent slightly forward, as though his instincts were ever present with him to hide his face, while his quick, keen glances were shot out upon either side, catching a view of everything he passed. The prince drew back as the strange mask approached, but not until he had felt the gleaming of those cat-like eyes flash upon him.

"Demonio!" he gasped, after the sombre mask had gone on, "I think I have seen those eyes once before."

"Aye," responded the count, who had been watching the new comer, "there are no other eyes like them in Venice, nor is there another step like that. Can you call to mind where you have seen them?"

"Yes," said Alonzo. "Unless I am greatly mistaken, those same eyes peered at me from the landing at Saint Michael, on the occasion of my arrival in Venice."

"You are right, Prince. The man came upon the landing while we stood there. He is a spy of the Secret Three, and his name, Dagolfo."

"Bernardo has told me of him. It was he who worried and fretted my father by his persistent espionage. Who is he? Can you tell me?"

"It is whispered," replied the count, "that he was for years a bold and reckless outlaw, his soul burdened with crime, and his hands stained with blood; and the Inquisition employed him because he suited their purpose. Beware of him, Alonzo, for, be sure, if his eyes are once fixed upon you, your name is doomed to the Lion's Mouth."*

"Do you think the Three can know of Zenella?" queried the prince, with a shudder.

"They know all that they wish to know," returned Gonsalvo, moodily. "A secret to be concealed from them must be known to the knowledge of your nearest and dearest friends. And, moreover, your father was probably cause to suffer on the girl's account."

"My course is plain, said De Verona, decisively. "I will find Zenella, and then leave Venice forever."

"God grant you may succeed!" responded the count, fervently. "But see! The spy has found his master. Be sure there's something in the wind."

He of the crape mask and the cat-like step had touched Rinaldi upon the shoulders, and drawn him aside. The spy spoke but a few words, after which he left the hall as noiselessly as he had entered; and within a very short time the State Inquisitor followed.

"We can breathe more freely now," said the prince, with a motion as though he would shake off the gloom that oppressed him.

"Aye," added the count, with a dubious shrug; "but what is freedom to us may be most cruel durance to another."

"Bah! let us forget the Secret Three and their spy, and think of less gloomsome things. Ah! here comes our French marquis."

And in a few moments more Jean de St. Moray joined the pair, and gave the conversation a pleasant turn.

It was near midnight when the prince proposed to his companions that they should retire, and as the latter had no desire to remain longer, they bade the marquis good-night, and left the hall. At the landing-stairs they found two gondola, and the two friends were soon upon the canal. "Your home, I think, is in this direction," remarked the prince, as they came into the Canal of St. Mark.

"Yes," returned the count. "My house is near the confines of the Ghetto."

"Then you had better land, and leave me to go on. There is no need that you should go so far out of your way simply to keep me company."

Gonsalvo accepted the proposition without objection, and shortly afterwards he was landed very near the old church, where he bade his companion an affectionate good-night, with a God's blessing.

"Shall I pull on through the Ghetto, Signor, or turn back?" asked the gondolier, after the count had gone.

"Which is the nearest?"

"It is nearest to turn back; but we shall have a clearer way to the Grand Canal if we keep on."

"Then keep on."

The Ghetto, or Jews' Quarter, of Venice, entirely separate by distinct lines of partition from the Christian portion of the city, was a place of economic plan, for houses were close and meanly built, and the canals narrow; and as the only lamps that gave light in the public passes by night were such as were set in the shrines of Christian saints, the Ghetto depended for the illumination of its canals and alleys upon the rays of the poor candles that might by chance be seen gleaming through the stained windows of the crowded dwellings.

The gondola had proceeded but a short distance, when a sound, like the cry of a female in distress, broke upon the prince's ear.

"Hold up! Hark! Did you hear that cry?"

"I hear it now, Signor," replied the gondolier.

"It is behind!"

"Yes; at the next landing, I should judge."

"Then pull on smartly. By Saint Mark! there's evil afoot, or I mistake the temper of that voice."

The gondolier plied his oar with energy, and in a short time the landing was reached. The stars were shining clearly, and by their dim light the prince could see that two men had just landed from a small gondola, and that between them they bore a female form; and upon closer observation he discovered that one of the men held his hand over the female's mouth.

Alonzo of Verona was not the man to hesitate when there was need of help to suffering woman. He would know, at least, why the ruffians detained their victim, and if she was in need of assistance he would render it, let the cost be what it might. As soon as the prow of his gondola touched the landing he leaped on shore, and sprang up the steps. The place was at the entrance to the little Square of St. Peter, towards which the men had turned with their captive.

"What ho!" cried the prince, hastening forward and cutting off the entrance to the square.

"Was unseemly work in this?" he demanded, replacing the mask which he had removed upon leaving the Casino.

The man who held his hand upon the female's mouth was startled from his guard, and the gag was removed.

"Help! Help!" the struggling victim implored, scarcely uttered one sound more of a merciful God, save me from these men!"

Close by the spot, in a small arch of the passage, was a shrine of St. Peter, before which burned a brazen lamp, and by the light of this our hero could distinguish that the female was young, and that her captors wore black masks.

"Villains!" he exclaimed, "unhand the lady, or give me good and sufficient reason for detaining her."

"Peace, Signor, how you meddle with that which does not concern you! Your mask does not hide you."

The man who thus spoke was he who had held the girl's lips, and there was a gleaming through the openings of his crape mask like the phosphorescent glaucous of the eyes of a cat. The prince was for the moment startled for he recognized Dagolfo, the Spy of the Three. And in the tall, stooping figure of the speaker he had no difficulty in recognizing Rinaldi.

Another man would have shrank back upon finding himself in that dread presence; but Alonzo of Verona had been five years absent from Venice, and the terrors of the Secret Inquisition had not been present with him. The instinct of his nature was to relieve distress wherever he found it; and the call for help from a female was one which his knightly vows enjoined upon him to heed.

"If you know me," he said, "you should know that I am one who fears no man who opposes me but evil in his heart. If the lady would have my aid, it is hers."

"Poor fool!" sneered the spy, "do you know that you are in the presence of a State Inquisitor?"

"Are you of the Inquisition?"

"I am one of its officers."

"And," spoken as if the stooping shoulders, "am one of the Secret Three. Alonzo de Verona, beware!"

"Alonzo!—De Verona!" repeated the girl, in startled accents.

"What voice is that?" cried the prince, taking a step forward. "Lady, in Heaven's name, what art thou?"

With a sudden movement the spy thrust the girl back towards his companion, saying, as he did so:

"Here, my lord—take the maiden and move on. I will attend to this hot-headed youth."

As the inquisitor seized the girl and drew her back, she eagerly implored:

"Alonzo! Alonzo! Save yourself! Run not into the Lion's Mouth! You cannot help me now!"

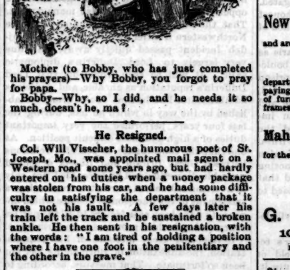
"Dost thou make again!" gasped the prince. "By Saint Mark! not all the Inquisitors on earth can stay me from the work of succor!"

De Verona sprang forward; but the spy, who had drawn a sword from beneath his dark robe, interposed and bore him back.

(To be Continued.)

* Upon the outer wall of the office of the State Inquisition was fixed the head of a lion in brass, the open mouth of which communicated with a secret box within. Into the Lion's Mouth the spies of the Three dropped their notes of accusation and information. And, further, any citizen might thus accuse a neighbor or an enemy without being personally known

A Neglected Father.



Mother (to Bobby, who has just completed his prayers)—Why Bobby, you forgot to pray for papa.

Bobby—Why, so I did, and he needs it so much, doesn't he, ma?

He Resigned.

Col. Will Visscher, the humorous poet of St. Joseph, Mo., was appointed mail agent on a Western road some years ago, but had hardly entered on his duties when a money pouch was stolen from his car, and he had some difficulty in satisfying the department that it was not his fault. A few days later the train left the track and he sustained a broken ankle. He then sent in his resignation, with the words: "I am tired of holding a position where I have one foot in the penitentiary and the other in the grave."

Is This Fiction?

First Young Lady (who has boarded the train)—Where are you going, Mary?

Second do.—Ditto—Yh in here, I do be sure; don't you see there's lots of empty seats!

"Why, what a ninny you are. Come, let's move to the other end. Don't see it is chock full, and it will be so nice to made a couple of gentlemen give up their seats."

Souvenirs of a Murderer.

The personal effects of Marie Regnault, the murdered mistress of Pranzini, have just been sold at public auction at the Hotel Drouot. There was a terrible crowd, including many ladies of fashion and aristocratic rank. All the effects of the dead woman were sold, including her clothing, and almost fabulous prices were paid. For example, a pair of black silk corsets brought $37. A trashy novel which she was reading just before she was killed brought $25; the publisher's price of it is 75 cents. The pair of silk stockings which she had on when she was killed were purchased by a Russian countess for $45. A basin in which Pranzini was said to have washed the blood from his hands after the murder brought $15. A chiffonier, on which are to be seen the marks of his bloody fingers, brought $65. A heavy coat of waterproof transparent varnish has been put over the finger marks to prevent them from being obliterated. A pair of comfort's still garters brought $5 each. One lady, a rich banker's wife, paid $32 for a pink silk undervest, considerably worn, and as once strung with pearl buttons, which she sold them for $2 apiece. A tooth-brush brought $4 and a shoe buttoner $3, though neither cost over fifty cents new. A wife of a deputy wears a brooch containing a tiny gallows-noose made of Pranzini's hair, and another lady, a duchess, has set in a ring one of the handsome teeth for which the murderer was famous. She bribed the executioner to knock it out of his jaw for her as soon as he was dead. As is well known the corpse of Pranzini was completely skinned and the tanned hide made up into pocket books, card-cases and other souvenirs, which are highly prized.

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A Love Story.

BY FRANCES HODGSON BURNETT.

Author of "A Fair Barbarian," "The Tide of the Mooning Bay," "Kathleen," "Little Lord Fauntleroy," etc.

CHAPTER XIII.—CONTINUED.

Even in the midst of her distress, Dolly found time to feel grateful to him beyond measure, and to admire his forethought. He never seemed to hesitate for a moment. He had evidently decided upon his course before-hand, and there was no delay. Reaching the station, he assisted Dolly to descend from the cab, and led her at once to a seat where she could stand a view of all who made their appearance upon the platform. Then he left her and went to make inquiries from the porters. He was not absent long. In a few minutes he returned with the necessary information. The train was not due for twenty minutes, and as yet no lady and gentleman answering to his description had been seen by any one in the place.

He came to Dolly and took a seat by her, looking down at her upturned face pityingly, but reassuringly.

"We are safe yet," he said. "They have not arrived, and they can have taken passage in no other train. We will watch this train leave the station, and then we will drive at full speed to the hotel Chandos to be in the habit of visiting when he makes a flying journey. I know the place well enough."

The next half hour was an anxious one to both. The train was behind time, and consequently they were compelled to wait longer than they had expected. A great many people crowded into the station and took tickets for various points—working men and their wives, old women with bundles, and young ones without, comfortable people who traveled first-class and seemed satisfied with themselves, shabbily-attired little dressmakers and milliners with bandboxes, a party of tourists and a few nice girls; in fact, the usual samples of the usual people hurrying or taking it easy, losing their temper or preserving it; but there was no Mollie. The last moment arrived, the guards closed the carriage doors with the customary bang, and the customary cry of All right; there were a few puffs and a whistle, and then the train moved slowly out of the station. Mollie was not on her way to Brussels yet, that was a fact to be depended upon.

Dolly rose from her seat with a sigh which was half relief.

"Now for trying the hotel," said Gowan. "Take my arm and summon up your spirits. In less than a quarter of an hour, I think I may say, we shall have found our runaway, and we shall have to do our best to reduce her romantic escapade to a commonplace level. We may even carry her back to Bloomsbury Place before they have had time to become anxious about her. Thank Heaven, we were so fortunate as to discover all before it was too late!"

Bloomsbury Place! A sudden pang shot through Dolly's heart. She recollected then for the first time that at Bloomsbury Place Griffith was waiting for her, and that it might be a couple of hours before she could see him and explain. She got into the cab and leaned back in one corner with the anxious tears forcing themselves into her eyes. It seemed as if fate itself was against her.

"What will he think?" she exclaimed, unconsciously. "Oh, what will he think!"

Then, seeing that Gowan had heard her, she looked at him piteously.

"I did not mean to speak aloud," she said. "I had forgotten in my trouble that Grif will be waiting for me all this time. He has come to the house to meet me, and—I am not there."

Perhaps he felt a slight pang, too. For some time he had been slowly awakening to the fact that this otherwise unfortunate Grif was all in all to her, and shut out the rest of the world completely. He had no chance against him, and no other man would have any. Still, even in the face of this knowledge, the evident keenness of her disappointment cut him a little.

"You must not let that trouble you," he said generously. "Donne will easily understand your absence when you tell him where you have been. In the meantime, I have a few suggestions to make before we reach the hotel."

It was Mollie he was thinking of. He was wondrously tender of her in his man's pity for her childish folly and simplicity. If possible, they must keep her secret to themselves. If she had left no explanation behind her, she must have given some reason for leaving the house, and if they found her at the hotel it would not be a difficult matter to carry her back home without exciting suspicion; and thus she would be saved the embarrassment and comment her position would otherwise call down upon her. Griffith might be told in confidence, but the rest of them might be left to imagine that nothing remarkable had occurred. These were his suggestions.

Dolly agreed to adopt them at once, it is hardly necessary to say. The idea that it would be possible to adopt them made the case look less formidable. She had been terribly troubled at first by the thought of the excitement the explanation of the escapade would cause at Bloomsbury Place. Phil would have been simply furious—not so much against Mollie as against Chandos. His good-natured indifference to circumstances would not have been proof against the base betrayal of confidence involved in the affair. And then even in the after-time, when the worst was over and forgotten, the innumerable jokes and unpaltered sarcasms she would have had to encounter would have been Mollie's severest punishment. When the remembrance of her past danger had faded out of the family mind, and the whimsical side of the matter presented itself, they would have teased her, and Dolly felt that such a course would be far from safe. She caught at Ralph Gowan's plan eagerly.

Still she felt an excited thrill when the cab drew up before the door of the hotel. Suppose they should not find her! Suppose Chandos had taken precautions against their being followed!

But Gowan did not seem to share her misgivings, though the expression upon his face was a decidedly disturbed one, as he descended from the vehicle.

"You must remain seated until I come back," he said. "I shall not be many minutes. I am sure. I am convinced they are here." And then he closed the cab door and left her.

She drew out her watch and sat looking at it to steady herself. Her mind was not very clear as to how she intended to confront Mr. Gerald Chandos and convince Mollie. The convincing Mollie would not be difficult, she was almost sure, but the confronting of Gerald Chandos was not a pleasant thing to think of.

She was just turning over in her mind a stirring, scathing speech, when the cab door opened again, and Gowan stood before her. He had not been absent five minutes.

"It is as I said it would be," he said. "They are here—at least Mollie is here. Chandos has gone out, and she is alone in the private parlor he has engaged for her. They have evidently missed their train. They intended to leave by the first in the morning. I have managed to give the impression that we are expected, and so we shall be shown on to the scene at once without any trouble."

And so they were. A waiter met them at the entrance and led them upstairs without the slightest hesitation.

"It is not necessary to announce us," said Gowan. And the man threw open the door of No. 2 with a bow.

They crossed the threshold together without speaking, and when the door closed behind them they actually turned and looked at each other with a simultaneous but half-smothered exclamation.

It was a pretty room, this hotel parlor. A bright room, with a delicate, gay-hued carpet and chairs to match, curious mirrors and upholstering of silver-gray and blue. There was a clear-burning fire in the highly-polished steel-grate, and one of the blue and silver-gray sofas had been drawn up to it, and there, upon this sofa, lay Mollie with her hand upon her cheek, sleeping like a baby.

There is no denying that they were both touched to the heart by the mere sight of her. There was something in the peaceful repose of the pure and innocent face that was oddly childish and restful. It was a difficult matter to quite realize that she was sleeping on the brink of ruin and desolation. Something bright gathered on Dolly's lashes and slipped down her cheek as she looked at her.

"Thank God, we have found her!" she said. "Just to think that she should be sleeping like that—as if she was at home. If she was two years old she might wear just such a look."

Gowan hardly liked to stand by as she went toward the sofa. The girl's face, under the coquettish hat, seemed to soften and grow womanly, her white fingers curled to meet as she knelt down upon the carpet by the couch and laid her hand upon Mollie's shoulder, speaking in a low, gentle voice.

"Mollie, she said, "dear, waken."

Just that, and Mollie started up with a faint cry, dazzled by the light, and rubbing her eyes and half-sobbing with bewilder, as if she had done the night Gowan surprised her asleep in the parlor.

"Dolly," she cried out, when she saw who was with her, "Dolly," in a half-frightened voice, "why did you come here?"

"I came to take you home," answered Dolly, tremulously, but firmly. "Thank God! I am not too late! Oh, Mollie, Mollie, how could you?"

Mollie sat up among her blue and gray cushions and stared at her for a moment, as if she was not wide enough awake to realize what she meant. But the next instant she caught sight of Ralph Gowan, and that roused her fully, and she flushed scarlet.

"I don't know what you mean," she said. "I don't know what you mean by coming here in this way. And I don't know what Mr. Gowan means by bringing you—for I feel sure he has brought you. I am not a baby, to be followed as if I could not take care of myself. I am going to be married to Mr. Gerald Chandos to-morrow, and we are going on the continent for our wedding tour."

She was in a high state of rebellion. It was Gowan's presence she was resenting, not Dolly's. To tell the truth, she was rather glad to see Dolly. She had begun to feel the loneliness of her position, and it had half intimidated her. But the sight of Gowan roused her spirit. What right had he to come and interfere with her, since he did not care for her, and thought she was nothing but a child? I made her feel like a child. She turned her back to him openly as she spoke to Dolly.

"I am going to be married in the morning," she repeated; "and we are going to Brussels."

Then, in her indignation against Mr. Gerald Chandos, Dolly fired a little herself.

"And has it never occurred to you," she said, "that it is rather a humiliating thing this running away, as if you knew you were doing something disgraceful? May I ask the reason Mr. Gerald Chandos gives for asking you to submit to such an insult, for it is an insult?"

"He has very good reasons," answered Mollie, beginning to falter all at once, as the matter was presented to her in this new and trying light. "He has very good reasons—something about business and—and his family, and he does not intend to insult me. He is very fond of me and very proud of me, and he is going to try and make me very happy. He—he has bought me a beautiful trousseau—" And then seeing the two exchange indignant yet pitying glances, she broke off suddenly and burst forth as if she was trying to hide in anger the subtle, mysterious fear which was beginning to creep upon her. "How dare you to look at each other so?" she cried. "How dare you look at me so! I have done nothing wrong. He says many other people do the same thing and—and I won't be looked at so. I shall not tell you another word. You—you look as if I was going to do something wicked and dreadful." And she flung herself face down-ward upon the sofa cushions and broke into a passionate, excited sob.

Then Dolly could control herself no longer. She flashed out into quite a little storm of pitying love, and wrath and scorn against this cool, systematic scoundrel, who would have wrought such harm against such simple ignorance of the world. What had they not saved her from, poor, foolish child! She cleared her little, gloved hand and struck it against the sofa arm, the hot color flaming up on her cheeks and the fire lighting in her eyes.

"Mollie!" she exclaimed, "that is what is true! You are going to do something that is dreadful to think of, though you do not think so because you do not know the truth. And we have come to tell the truth and save you. The man is a villain—he is the worst of villains. He does not intend to marry you—he cannot marry you, and marry he cannot, he has been laying traps for months to drag you down into a horrible pit of shame. Yes, of the bitterest grief and shame—poor, simple child as you are—for I must tell you the whole dreadful truth, though I would far rather hide it from you if I could. There are some wicked, wicked men in the world, Mollie, and Gerald Chandos is one of the worst, for he has got a wife already."

It did not seem to be Mollie who sprang up from her cushions and confronted them with wide-opened eyes. Every bit of color had died out of her cheeks and lips, and she turned from one to the other with a wild appealing look.

"It isn't true," she insisted, desperately, but her voice was broken, and she sobbed out her words in her fright. "It isn't true! It isn't true! Dolly, you want to frighten me." And all at once she ran to Ralph Gowan like a child and caught hold of his arm with her pretty, shaking hands. "Mr. Gowan," she said, "you know, don't you? and you won't—you won't. Oh, where is Aimee? I want Aimee! Aimee isn't like the rest of you! She would have made me go home without being so cruel as this. And the next minute she turned so white and staggered so, that Dolly ran to her, and Gowan was obliged to take her in his arms.

"Tell her that what I have said is true," said Dolly, crying. "She will begin to understand then."

And so, while he held her, panting and sobbing and clinging to him, Gowan told her all that he had learned. He was as brief as possible and as tender as a woman. His heart so warmed toward the pretty, lovable, passionately-frightened creature, that his voice was from time to time almost broken.

She did not rebel an instant longer, then. Her terror, under the shock, rendered her only helpless and hysterical. She had not far lost control over herself that she would have believed anything they had chosen to tell her.

"Take me away," she cried, whitening and shivering, all her bright, pretty color gone, all her willful petulance struck down at a blow. "Take me home to Aimee. I want to go away from here before he comes. I want to go home and die."

How they got her downstairs and into the carriage Dolly scarcely knew. It was enough that they got her there and knew she was safe. Upon the table in the room above they had left a note directed to Mr. Gerald Chandos—Dolly had directed it and Dolly had written it.

"I know you have seen me here!" she had asked Gowan, and when he had produced the articles, she had bent over the table and dashed a few lines off with an unsteady yet determined hand.

"There!" she had said, when she closed the envelope, "Mr. Chandos will go to Brussels, I think, and he will understand why he goes alone; but for my part, I incline to the belief that he will not trouble us again."

And in five minutes more they were driving toward Bloomsbury Place.

But now the first excitement was over, Dolly's nerve began to fail her. Now Mollie was safe, she began to think Griffith, in spite of a cruel trick of fortune's to try his patience so sharply just at this very point. She knew so well what effect his hours of waiting would have upon him. But it was useless to rebel now, so she must bear it as well as she could, and trust to the result of her explanation. Yet despite her hope, every minute of the long drive seemed an age, and she grew feverish and restless and wretched. What if he had not waited, and was not there to listen to what she had to say? Then there would be all the old trouble to face again—perhaps something worse.

"It is blue o'clock," she said desperately, as they passed a lighted church tower. "It is nine o'clock." And she leaned back in her corner again, with her heart beating painfully. Her disappointment was so keen that she could have burst into a passion of tears. Her happy evening was gone, and her dream of simple pleasure was filled with her unexpected trouble. She could not help remembering this, and being quite conquered by the thought, even though Mollie was safe.

They had settled what to do beforehand. At the corner of the street Gowan was to leave them, and the two girls were to go in together, Mollie making her way at once to her room upon pretext of headache. A night's rest would restore her self-control, and by the next morning she would be calm enough to face the rest, and so her wild escapade would end without risk of comment if she was sufficiently discreet to keep her own counsel. Mollie's mind was too thoroughly upset and frightened even to feel humiliation.

"Nearly half-past nine," said Gowan, as he assisted Dolly to descend to the pavement at their journey's end.

The light from an adjacent lamp showed him that the face under Dolly's hat was a very pale and excited one, and her eyes were shining and large with repressed tears as she gave him her hand.

"I cannot find words to thank you just yet," she said, low and hurriedly. "I wish I could; but—you know what you have helped me to save Mollie from to-night, and so you know what my gratitude must be. The next time I see you, perhaps, I shall be able to say what I wish, but now I can only say—thank you, and—oh, God bless you!" And the little hand fairly wrung his.

Mollie shook hands with him, trembling and almost reluctantly. She was pale, too, and her head drooped as if it would never more regain the old trick of willful, regal carriage.

"You has been very kind to her and so much trouble," she said. "You were kinder than I deserved—both of you."

"Now!" said Dolly, when he sprang into the cab, and they turned away together. "Now for getting into the house as quietly as possible. No, trying to speak cheerily, and as if their visit was no great matter. You must not tremble, Mollie, and you mustn't cry. It is all over now, and everything is so commonplace and easy to manage as can be. We have been out, and have got the headache, and are going to bed. That is all. All the rest we must forget. Nothing but a headache, Mollie, and a headache is not much, so we won't talk about it. If it had been a heartache, and sin and shame and sorrow—but it isn't. But, Mollie," they had already reached the house then, stood upon the steps, and she turned to the girl and put a hand on each of her shoulders, speaking tremulously, when you go up-stairs, kneel down by your bedside and say your prayers, and thank God that it isn't, with all your heart and soul," and she kissed her cheek softly just as they heard Aimee coming down the hall to open the door.

"Doll!" she exclaimed, when she saw them, "where have you been? Griffith has been here since five, and now he is out looking for you. I had given you up entirely, but he would not. He fancied you had been delayed by something."

"I have been delayed by something," said Dolly, her heart failing her again. "And here is Mollie, with the headache. You had better go to bed, Mollie. How long is it since Grif left the house?"

"Scarcely ten minutes," was the answer. "It is a wonder you did not meet him. Oh, Dolly!" ominously, "how unlucky you are!"

Dolly quite choked in her efforts to be decently composed in manner.

"I am unlucky," she said, and, without saying more, she made her way into the parlor.

She took her hat off there, and cast it on the sofa, utterly regardless of consequences, and then dropped into her chair and looked round the room. It did not look as she had pictured it earlier in the day. Its cheerfulness was gone, and it looked simply desolate. The fire had sunk low in the grate, and the hearth was strewn with dead ashes—somehow another, everything seemed chilled and comfortless. She was too late for the brightness and warmth—a brightness which had been bright and warm, and Grif had been there waiting for her. Where was he now? She dropped her face on the arm of her chair with a sob of disappointed feeling and foreboding. What if he had grown tired, leave Ralph Gowan, and had gone home?

"It's too bad!" she cried. "It is cruel! I can't bear it! Oh, Grif, do come!" and her tears fell thick and fast.

Ten minutes later she started up with a little cry of joy and relief. That was his footstep upon the pavement, and before he had time to ring she was at the door. She could scarcely speak to him in her excitement.

"Oh, Grif!" she said; "Grif—darling!"

But he did not offer to touch her, and stroke past her outstretched hands.

"Come home from tea with me," he said, hoarsely, and the simple sound of his voice struck her to the heart like a blow.

She followed him trembling, and when they stood in the light, and she saw his deathly, passion-wrung face, her hand crept up to her side and pressed against it.

"I had a package in his hand—a package of letters—and he laid them down on the table.

"I have been home for these," he said. "Your letters—I have brought them back to you."

"Grif!" she cried out.

He waved her back.

"No," he said, "never mind that. It is too late for that now, that is all over. Good God! not over? and I have pasted for hours, and have been in this room waiting for you," he struggled on, "since five o'clock. I came with my heart full to the brim. I have dreamt about what this evening was to be to us every night, for a week. I was ready to kneel and kiss your feet. I waited hour after hour. I was ready to pray—yes, to pray, like a fool—that I might hold you in my arms before the night ended. Not half an hour ago I went out to see if you were coming. I was watching. At the corner of the street you were bidding good-night to—to Ralph Gowan——"

"Listen!" she burst forth. "Mollie was with me."

"Ralph Gowan was with you," he answered her; "it does not matter who else was there. You had spent those hours in which I wanted you with him. That was enough—nothing can alter that." And then all at once he came and stood near her, and looked down at her with such anguish in his eyes, that she could have shrieked aloud. "It was a poor trick to play, Dolly," he said; "so poor a one, that it was scarcely like you. Your coquetries had always a fairer look. The commonest jilt might have done such a thing as that, and almost have done it better. It is an old trick, too, this playing the poor fool against the rich one. The only merit of your play has been that you have kept it up so long."

He was almost mad, but he might have seen that he was trying her too far, and that she would break down all at once. The long strain of the whole evening; his strange, unnatural mood; her struggle against hysterics, which all were too much for her to bear. She tried to speak, and failing, fought for strength, sobbed twice, a terrible, hysterical sob, like a child, and then turned white and shivered, without uttering a word.

"Yes," he said, "a long time, Dolly"—but his sentence was never ended, for that instant she went down as if she had been shot, and lay near his feet quivering for a second, and then lying still.

He was not stayed even then. He bent down and lifted her in his arms and carried her to the sofa, pale himself, but not relenting. He seemed to have lived past the time when the pretty, helpless figure, in all its simple finery, would have stirred him to such ecstacy of pain. He was mad enough to have believed even her helplessness a lie, only that the cruel, ivory pallor was so real. He did not even stop to kiss her when he turned away. But all the treasure of faith and truth and love had died out of his face, the veriest dullard could have seen this very youth had dropped away from him, and he left the old, innocent dreams behind, with something like self-scorn.

"Good-by," he said; "we have lost a great deal, Dolly—or I have lost it, I might say. And even you—I believed it pleased even you until better fortune came; so, perhaps, you have lost Lord, I kin saw wood."

Why She Smiled.

"Why does Fraulein Amelie always smile so at that dentist Mueller?"

"You see it's this way—he furnished her a set of false teeth on the instalment plan, on condition that she should pass his office every day, and show him that she has not pawned them."

One Recommendation.

"There's one thing about woman suffrage that would be commendable anyhow," said a trailing man to a friend.

"What is that?"

"They would always be likely to have reached years of discretion before they went to the polls. It would be a brave woman a good long time to be old enough to vote."

Which Made all the Difference.

Maid—Dr. Leach is down stairs, ma'am, to see you about Miss Ethel's cough.

Mrs. de Society—Oh, bother! What sense has the man, coming here when I'm so busy! Tell him to call again to-morrow morning.

Awed, ma'am. The Terrierdope has come, too, to see how Bijou is.

Mrs. de S.—Oh, the dear man! Ask him to come up right away; and, Parker, have Bijou's blue silk collar put on, and his ears combed.

A Fair Settlement.

Citizen—What's this, Uncle Rastus, bill of six dollars for sawing a cord of wood?

Uncle Rastus—Yes, sah; three days, two dollahs er day.

Citizen—But it doesn't take you three days to saw one cord of wood!

Uncle Rastus—It do, sah, when I wuks by de day.

Citizen—H—m. How would it do, Uncle Rastus, if I settled the bill by giving you the wood?

Uncle Rastus (dubiously)—Dat wood am only wuth 'bout four dollahs, sah.

Citizen—True. Well, what if I should throw in the saw and sawbuck!

Uncle Rastus (eagerly)—Dat wud be'bout right. Jes' receep de bill, Mistah Smiff, wif my name hitched onto it. I kaint write, but, bress de Lord, I kin saw wood."

Why She Smiled.

"Why does Fraulein Amelie always smile so at that dentist Mueller?"

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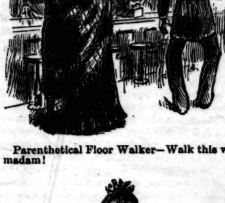
Out of the Question.

Old Lady—Where do you keep your unbleached cotton?

Parenthetical Floor Walker—Walk this way, madam!



Old Lady—Land sakes! I couldn't walk that way if he was to give me the whole store!

The Curfew.

The Curfew is said to have been introduced into England by William the Conqueror. By that monarch it was ordained, under severe penalties, that when the curfew bell rang at 8 o'clock in the evening all lights and fires should be extinguished. There are those who hold that this was the enforcing of a very common police regulation to that effect. The absolute prohibition of lights after the ringing of the curfew bell was abolished by Henry I., in the year 1100, but the practice of tolling a bell at a fixed hour in the evening was continued, and this, which is the curfew of mediæval times. At first the common hour was 7 o'clock, then it was advanced to 8, and in some places to 9 o'clock; indeed in Scotland, 10 o'clock was not an unusual hour. The curfew was a regulation most useful in those early days, when it was the custom to place the fire in a hole in the middle of the floor, under an opening in the roof, to allow the smoke to escape. When the family retired for the night, the fire was extinguished by covering it up; hence the term couvrefeau or curfew. The regulation was also serviceable in obliging the wounded to keep in their houses, and thus preventing night brawls in the street. It is believed there is no historical authority for the popular tradition that the severity exhibited by the Conqueror, in enforcing obedience to the curfew, was most particulary designed to prevent the English from assembling in secret to plan schemes of rebellion against their Norman lords.

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AGENTS WANTED IN UNREPRESENTED DISTRICTS.

The Brotherhoods.

Secretaries of lodges will address, Editor, Saturday Night.

KNIGHTS OF PYTHIAS.

Grand Chancellor of Ontario and Supreme Prelate of the Order, Dr. King, visited Mystic Lodge on Tuesday night.

The majority of reports from the various lodges of the K. of P. throughout Ontario are now in the hands of the Grand Chancellor. It will be a source of satisfaction to the members and friends of the order to know there is not a report received which does not show a distinct advance in funds, membership and those encouraging features of lodge life which go so far towards consolidating the stability of the order. The increase in membership in the different lodges varies from one to fifteen since January last.

The contest for first place in the roll of lodges is between Mystic Lodge No. 1 of Toronto and Red Cross Lodge No. 3 of the Ambitious City, in fact a friendly rivalry has existed between these two lodges since the inception of the younger sister in Hamilton.

Friendship Lodge, Windsor, Ont., No. 77, reports prospects as bright for the future. This lodge possesses all the material for a strong and healthy organization. The members have devised a praiseworthy plan for the assistance of the poor of the town in the establishment of an annual charity concert. The result of the last was over one hundred and fifty dollars clear of all expenses.

It is an unwritten law amongst the Pythians that no lodge shall be named after a living member, but this difficulty has been happily surmounted by the admirers of Dr. King. Their lodge, in the county of Halton, has been christened Native Valley, after the birthplace of the genial Supreme Prelate. This lodge has only a membership of twenty-eight, but the estimated private wealth of its members reaches over half a million dollars.

There is a lodge in Hamilton which is certainly a novelty as far as Ontario is concerned. Bismarck Lodge is the one referred to. It is worked entirely in the German language, and has in a few months' time reached a satisfactory financial condition. Evidently the German brethren are good for something besides sauerkraut, pretzels and lager beer.

A satisfactory and encouraging letter has been received from Lodge Algoma at the Soo. This lodge has been singularly fortunate in its history. It has a virgin death roll, the long illness of any member has not vexed it financially, and an utter absence of any cases of destitution have combined to make its present financial condition a subject for pride and thankfulness on the part of Pythians in Sault Ste Marie. Indeed, the brethren in this remote quarter already discuss the probability of the Grand Lodge holding its session in their midst at no very distant date.

Port Arthur looms up on deck in the report as a large and flourishing organization. Five new members have been initiated since January. On the other side of us Almonte sends the news of cheerful and gratifying progress made since the order first made its appearance there.

Special Deputy McKellar has sent in a list of chartered members of Rokeby Lodge at Wallaceburg. This list includes some of the most influential names in the neighborhood. He further reports Marmion Lodge at Chatham as more than holding its own. It is proposed to form a uniform rank division. Pythianism is in good odor amongst the people of Chatham, and is second to no other order in that bailiwick.

Galt is falling into line with commendable zeal. The application roll for the institution of a lodge numbers over twenty names of men in good standing in that community.

Rienzi Lodge, Ridgetown, is another thriving youngster, with an evidently prosperous future before it.

The Grand Lodge meets at Owen Sound on the 5th of June.

Few societies can show a better record than the Knights of Pythias. When the supreme body met in Toronto two years ago, the total membership of the order was 153,652. To-day it has increased, in round numbers, to 215,000.

MASONIC.

District Deputy G. M. Bro. Malone paid an official visit to Wilson Lodge on Tuesday night. In addition to a large array of brethren from the city lodges, there were present several of the conductors who have been in session during the past ten days at Shaftesbury Hall. A couple of hours were most pleasantly spent at the refreshment table, and in listening to songs and speeches from different members. Nearly a hundred were present. The gathering was presided over by Bro. Robt. Oliver.

THE ODDFELLOWS.

The following brothers have registered at the Grand Secretary's office, 42 King street east: Bros. J. C. Burt, Listowell; W. E. Pettick, Bowmanville; E. R. Robinson and C. F. Colwell, London; N. R. Rawlings, St. Catharines; H. Urquhart, Strathroy; J. L. Featherstone and J. W. Cunningham, Cobourg; R. Young, Gorrie; A. McGregor, Wingham; D. H. Grieves, Selma, N. C.; A. Tory, D. D. G. M., Hamilton; J. G. Morgan, Windsor; P. J. Hill, Belleville; C. A. Phillips, Midland; R. S. Grundy, Ottawa.

District No. 2, Chatham, has held its district meeting under the new law, and had a most pleasant and social gathering. All the lodges in the district were represented. Bro. Dr. R. N. Hall was elected D. D. G. M. for the coming year.

There is a probability that Temple Lodge, No. 238, Penetanguishene, will be removed to Midland.

The lodges in Bowmanville had a splendid church parade on Sabbath last. The Canton of Patriarchs Militant, with their elegant uniform, made a very good impression, and added not a little to the success of the service.

The following staff-officers have been commissioned to muster in the Cantons in the Department of Ontario: Canton London, No. 1, Lieut.-Col. E. R. Robinson; Windsor, No. 2, Capt. C. J. Reid; Hamilton, No. 4, Lieut.-Col. Abner Fraser; Victoria, No. 5, Capt. Fred Doggett; Kingston, No. 6, Major W. G. Happer; Toronto, No. 7, Capt. E. W. Barton; Belleville, No. 8, Major G. H. Lauder; Ontanais, No. 9, Major F. J. Daniels; Peterborough, No. 10, Lieut. D. H. Moore; Bowmanville, No. 11, Lieut. George Balden.

Why Germans Use Glasses.

"It comes from reading," observed the oculist.

"Yes, but why should Germans be more near-sighted than Americans? Do they read more?"

"I don't think they do, but it is the kind of books they read that causes their vision to be defective."

"How so?"

"The German books are printed in the dazzling old English type, which tries the eyes more than any other type in use in civilized countries. It requires such close scrutiny that the eyes are invariably strained. So well-known is this fact that recently the Austrian minister of public instruction issued a very sensible decree forbidding the use of books printed in small type in the publicschools. Now, with the American school books this would not be so necessary, but German books to be harmless must be printed in large, bold-faced characters. There is a large party of reformers in Germany who are striving to have the types of that nation officially changed to Roman, and the use of English script has largely taken the place of the German script in correspondence. Educated Germans read one style as readily as the other, and the former is growing rapidly in popularity. It will not be long before all books will appear in the same characters, if not in the same language, and when that time comes the eyes of succeeding generations will be stronger than those of the present, but I don't apprehend that this will happen early enough to injure my business. Reforms come slowly and physicians will find their hands full until the dawn of the millennium."

Nerve.

Nicholas Flood—"Permit me to take charge of that, sir. It seems a little heavy for you."

Opposition Success.

Sir Richard's Latest Catch.

On the Harlem Quarter-Stretch.

Johnny Dimpsey—I 'peals ter der reffyree! Kelly's trotter broke four lam' posts back!

Ghostly Garments.

Jones—So Mme. Debarr says these pictures are painted by Michael Angelo, and she receives visits from saints?

Smith—That's what she says.

Wonder how the saints are dressed when they appear?

O, I guess they wear spirit wrappers.

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In spite of that which we call fate
He works early and late, with never a thought
Of troubles he is certain to meet,
He maps out his course and goes straight ahead
Nor pauses to dream of defeat.

I appeal to the ladies to lend their support
To the movement which all must endorse,
Viz: Close the stores early: give the clerks a fair chance.
You approve? Well, I thought so of course.
Now come early to Dorenwend's, select what you wish
In bangs, waves, or in fancy goods rare
Or in switches and pins, magnificent fans,
Wonderous "Magic" if for that you should care.

Don't postpone till six what you might do at four
Nor till twelve the shopping for ten.
The clerks will all bless you and serve with delight
When Dorenwend's you visit again.
So let me repeat if you wish to assist
The patient, industrious clerk,
Pray think of the wearisome hours they pass
And your duty I'm sure you'll not shirk

The proprietor of the Paris Hair Works is strongly in favor of the measure for Early Closing, and it depends almost entirely upon the general public whether this custom should be observed. Let the ladies lend their aid and the gentlemen will be sure to follow in the effort to secure reasonable hours for the clerks. Remember that Dorenwend's latest spring styles are just at hand and should be examined.

A. DORENWEND
PARIS HAIR WORKS,
103 and 105 YONGE ST., TORONTO

S. J. DIXON,
PHOTOGRAPHER,
Cor. Yonge and King Streets.
FINE WORK A SPECIALTY.

H. S. MORISON & CO.
The Ladies' Tailors, 218 Yonge St., cor. Albert
JUST RECEIVED A LINE OF THOSE CELEBRATED
Silk Finished Henrietta Cloths and Colored Cashmeres
In Gobelin Green, Crushed Strawberry, Mahogany, Terra Cotta, Fawn, etc. Another lot of those
ALL-WOOL NUNS' VEILINGS
In twelve new shades, at 12½c., cheap at 20c. See our double width tweed effects at 20c., worth 40c.
Our Great Sale of Black and Colored Silks, Mervs, Rhadames, etc.,
Will continue next week as usual. Sale prices, Black and Colored Satin Mervs and Rhadames. 50, 60 and 75c., worth $1 and $1.50. A few pieces of our celebrated Black Gros Grain Silk left at $1, worth $1.75. Ladies should not fail to see them.
Choice Assortment of Parasols & Umbrellas
In all the latest designs, at 50c., 75c., $1.00, $1.25, $1.50 and upwards.
KID GLOVE SALE. The following celebrated makes, Lawrence, Perrin Freres and Josephine, at 25c., 35c., 50c., 75c. and 90c. are the greatest drive in the trade.
MOURNING DEPARTMENT
In this department will be found a choice selection of goods for family and complimentary mourning, at greatly reduced prices.
SPRING AND SUMMER WRAPS
The success of the season is our JET VISITES, a nice variety in stock ranging from $5.00 to $25 00. We have still a few choice PATTERN MANTLES, imported this season, at from $25.00 to $75.00. Black Jersey Waists at from $1.00 to $10.00.
INSPECTION INVITED.
DRESS AND MANTLEMAKING AN ART WITH US
H. S. MORISON & CO.
218 Yonge Street, successors to J. Pittman & Co

Music

One of the most successful concerts of the season, musically speaking, was the testimonial concert to Mrs. Agnes Thomson on May 10th. The audience was not as large as the evident popularity of the beneficiante would lead one to expect, but this was probably owing to the glut of music during the season, and especially during the week in question. I saw people at the Thomson concert who had been at the Philharmonic rehearsal and concert both, as well as at the Quintette Club concert. When people make a duty of concert going to this extent you may be quite sure that the attraction is a strong one to them. That the attraction was a strong one, not only to these enthusiasts, but also to the rest of the audience was abundantly proven by the pleasing reception accorded to Mrs. Agnes Thomson. A warm and sincere welcome, and equally warm and sustained applause testified to this. Mrs. Thomson sang the Valse Legere from Faust, the great Pre aux Clercs aria, and Ganz's exquisite little song, I Seek for Thee in Every Flower.

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Everyone knows the delightful dash and abandon of the Faust waltz, and the gay reckless swing which Mrs. Thomson imparted to it gave it added charms. In the Pre aux Clercs aria, she had the valuable assistance of the violin obligato, and this, the most exacting number Mrs. Thomson has yet sung in Toronto, was to my mind her greatest success in florid music. Its demands on the voice for range, agility, volume and expressive power combine to make it a most difficult work, yet the artist surmounted all these obstacles and sang it with delightful ease and certainty, and imparted a dignity and thoughtful care to her performance which won all hearers. The Ganz song and the Last Rose showed the exquisite pathos and tender feeling that Mrs. Thomson's voice possesses, and throughout all her singing the artistic style which is one of her chief charms was fully apparent. For some unexplained reason the duet for which Miss Robinson and Mr. Mockridge were announced did not materialize, and when Mr. Schuch walked out to sing the following number a decided feeling of disappointment manifested itself in the audience, with the result of a coldness that made it uncomfortable for nearly all the other artists. Mr. Schuch sang Simon the Cellarer and 'Tis I, with the good taste and judgment which usual characterize his performances. Miss Robinson was in better voice than I have ever heard her and gave a fine rendering of Pieti Signor from the Huguenots, and later in the evening she sang two ballads of Kjerulf's with great taste and expression. On this occasion she suggested very strongly the resemblance between her voice and that of her mother who used to be the delight at all of us older ones.

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Miss Maud Burdette made her first appearance before a Toronto concert audience, although she sang last winter at the University conversazione. This young lady has a mezzo-contralto voice of clear, soft quality and great volume. She sings with good style and has a handsome appearance in her favor as well. She sang Ah S'estinto and The Winds That Waft My Sighs, and imbued the latter with great tenderness and pathos. Mr. Mockridge sang with all the watchful care and accommodation of tone-quality and expression for which his singing is noted. His songs were, Come Into the Garden, Maud, and a pretty little ballad, Love's Sorrow, and as an encore, Tell Her I Love Her So. In ballad singing Mr. Mockridge is more than charming, and on this occasion was at his very best.

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The vocal programme was completed by the singing of the celebrated Rigoletto quartette. While the effect of this was most pleasant, on account of its music and of the fine voices performing it, it was marred by decided signs of lack of practice together. An unalloyed joy was the violin playing of M. Prume, whom we have heard here all too seldom, and whom we must have here more frequently in the future. A beautiful tone, broad, round, rich and full, and consummately artistic treatment are his characteristics. His selections were Wieniawski's Romance et Rondo Giocoso and Vieuxtemps' Air Varie, with Bazzini's Ronde des Lutins and a Badinage by Ferrari-Prume.

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On Saturday evening Miss Maude Harris' concert took place at the gardens before a fairly large audience. Dr. Louis Maas was the bright particular star of the occasion and great things were expected of him. Unfortunately his piano was not there, being detained in the customs, and he had to play on a strange piano, with which he did not appear to be on terms of admiration. This apparently disturbed him, and his playing did not rise to the excellence of individuality until late in the evening. His programme was not a very solid one, being mostly designed to display virtuosity and was largely loaded with Liszt, four numbers out of seven bearing that composer's name. The exceptions to the Liszt list were Rubinstein's Valse Caprice, the Magic Fire scene from Wagner's Walkyrie and Beethoven's Dance of the Dervishes from the Ruins of Athens. Dr. Maas has great facility and certainty of technique, a beautiful touch, light, round and full, and may, when in good humor, show a fine intellectual treatment of his subjects. But it was just in this that he was disappointing on Saturday. The clearness of conception which produces the large well-rounded phrasing and a properly graduated climax, and which we might reasonably look for in a pianist of his undoubted powers, was not apparent. Mr. Corell was at his best, and played his cello solos beautifully. Miss Adelaide Taylor sang some songs with a pretty voice, but without any special excellence of delivery.

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The concert of the Choral Society tendered to Mr. Edward Fisher will take place on Tuesday, 29th inst., when Mme. D'Auria, Mrs. Bradley, Miss Hillary, Miss Bunton, Mr. Blight and others will be the vocalists, and when Messrs. Torrington, Haslam and D'Auria will assist by conducting several of the choruses.

METRONOME.

The Merry May Moving Time.

With the May moving-time comes the knowledge of man's inclination to hoard up that which is neither useful nor ornamental. While the van stands at the door he has to help his wife ransack the closets and pull down piles of old hats and decayed plugs of ancient style, poor quality, dust-begrimed and seedy beyond comparison. His old clothes, which he might have given to some poor sinner who hadn't anything to wear, are raked out from a back shelf, moth-eaten and baggy, and one wonders how such things could have been stored away. With a faint recollection of how much store he put on these things, he sends off to an "old clo'" man, who offers him fifty cents for six suits of clothes, ten pair of shoes, and a pile of rags and old dresses, which cost when they were new away up in the hundreds, and he can't see why they are not worth a good deal still; but a bargain is struck for two dollars and the pile is removed. I have tried this sort of thing lately, and have come to the conclusion thaa a man is foolish who ever buys or keeps that which he does not want. One has a chronic idea that some time these things will come in handy, but they never do. There is more stuff stored in the closets and clothes-presses of Toronto than would array in fairly respectable garments the entire poor of this city. People hoard their remnants and half-worn garments until the moths destroy them and they are no good to anybody. The families who might have been relieved have gone without assistance for no better purpose than that on moving day a stack of rags shall stare at those who have no place to put them, no use for them, and as they look at their decay are conscience-stricken that they were not put to a good use. The poor we have always with us; the poorest who do not rank themselves as poverty stricken can be of great help to others who have nothing, and it is a solemn fact that this help is withheld because people are too lazy to inquire into cases of distress or too mean to part even with that which is of no use to themselves.

Every time you move give away everything you haven't used within a reasonable time, and when you give it away don't stand and make a speech about it as if you were conferring an almighty favor instead of getting rid of a lot of rubbish. I was moving the other day and I discovered five old white plug hats, and because I had refused to subscribe to a missionary fund a few days before my wife sarcastically suggested that I had better give the old plugs to the heathen, but not to be rash about it for a few days as I might be sorry I had been so liberal.

The fineness of this sarcasm has been dawning upon me ever since with the effect of convincing me how unwilling we are to part with anything we dare hope will ever be the slightest use to us. I believe Providence is kinder to those who are generous in giving what they have to the poor than it is to those who are always hoarding their money and even their half-worn clothes. Without in the slightest degree robbing ourselves we can every year give a certain amount of money, clothing and food, kindness and encouragement to those who in our neighborhood happen to be unfortunate. It should not be merely a question of giving that which we have no use for, but it should be a yielding up of that which we have most use for, a dividing up of the good things which kind fortune has placed within our reach.

I saw a dray standing at a fashionable house on Tuesday in which there were five old stoves packed away. Now there was a furnace in the house from which those stoves were taken and one in the place to which they were going, but rather than find out some poor emigrant family which has nothing on which to cook a bit of dinner, and galled by the idea that second-hand dealers don't pay full value for old stoves, the owner of that truck is moving that old iron stove year after year paying drayage, encountering all sorts of hard knocks and skinned knuckles lugging about his trash. There was a car-load of old stove-pipe with it. Now, how is it that people don't learn to give that sort of stuff away? Even for comfort's sake why hang on to it? Every day the vans that pass me on fashionable streets, going to other fashionable quarters, prove how miserly human nature is, how it hoards up its measly, miserable old stuff instead of making a bonfire of it. Trash in the house disfigures it, and in feminine phrase "clutters it up so that you can't make anything look decent in the room." If people wish to have their houses look nice they must have nothing in them except what they absolutely use or what is useful for ornament. Just now while those who flit on the first of May are in the act of moving these suggestions may prove valuable. Those who are not likely to move can very easily go through their belongings and out of every room in their houses select thirty per cent. of the articles in it, which by their absence would improve the appearance of the room.

DON.

THE LATE ARCHBISHOP.

Personal.

Mr. T. C. Patteson of Eastwood left town on Tuesday last for England, where he expects to arrive in time for the Derby.

Captain Sears is spending a few weeks' leave at his home in New Brunswick. His many friends are pleased to hear that his return to his regiment has been postponed for a year or two.

Miss Dallas, the talented musician of the Conservatory, is expected to spend the summer months with friends and relatives on the other side of the ocean, departing hence at the end of June.

Manager Shaw of the Toronto Opera House takes his benefit on Friday next, the 25th inst., and doubtless his numerous friends will endeavor to make a suitable return for the enjoyment he has afforded to thousands of theatergoers in Toronto. May it be a bumper house.

Hon. William H. Jordan, Speaker of the State Legislature, California, and Supreme Master Workman of the A. O. U. W., will be in the city next week, accompanied by his wife. They will be the guests of County-Crown Attorney Badgerow. A reception will be given to Hon. Mr. Jordan in the Pavilion on the 25th inst.

Fixtures for To-Day.

CRICKET

At Toronto ground: T. C. C. v. Bracondale, (O. C. A. tie).

At Garrison: Toronto Colts v. C Company.

At Trinity College: Trinity v. East Toronto.

At Exhibition grounds: Parkdale Club match—Old Country v. Canada.

BASEBALL.

International Association: Toronto v. Albany.

BICYCLING.

Y. M. C. A. run to Highland Creek.

FOOTBALL (ASSOCIATION).

At Marlboro grounds: Toronto Juniors v. Marlboro.

LACROSSE.

At Rosedale: Young Toronto v. Junior Ontario.

Fifty cents on the dollar is the figure that Danford Roche & Co., are clearing out clothing, hats and tweeds, and seventy-five cents on the dollar for carpets, they intend to relinguish the above departments, and enlarge their other department, namely: dress goods, silks, hosiery, millinery and mantles. They sell a good class of goods.

Due to the Dark Ages.

There was a time when the princes of this world—Emperors, Popes, Kings, Doges—seem to have had things pretty much their own way. It was a time when painting and architecture were at their highest, and the men of genius reared in marble and spread on canvas the glory of the men of power for the delight of future ages and for their own delight in their own age. The men of power saw themselves always idealized, eulogized, not to say apotheosized.

Acres of canvas display the gold embroidery, the jewels and velvets, the pomp and grandeur, the meetings and marchings of august potentates. Heaven and hell are depicted, to continue the triumphs of earth; and, whether in earth or heaven, it is to be observed that the Doges are always "in glory." Kneeling even by the crucified, with every possible splendor, with outspread hands of prayer and uplifted eyes of aspiration, the Doge demands his share in the reverence of the beholder; and when it is the last great day, prominent on the safe side, among the saints and angels, St. Mark may be seen doing himself the honor of placing a golden crown upon a Doge whose fine clothes far outshine the magnificence of the skies.

His palace is still a wonder of the world. Only the mountains are more massive, only the rainbow is more brilliant, only the tracery of the frost is more delicate than these piles of stone and marble, which weigh down the Old World, yet are all lightness and grace and beauty in tint and outlines. Still stands the Doge's gondola of gold and velvet—a dazzling dream of splendor as it glided along the sunset water under the sunset sky! Oh, it was a gay and gracious time. And below, in that glitter of gold, sat the gondoliers—banks of slaves, side by side, for whom no sunset glowed; prisoners who could not even look out upon sky or water, who could only row and bend forever, hopeless.

Close by the great palace, by the stone stairs and the stone lions and all the gorgeous scenery of art and nature, courts and columns and fountains and flowers, just across the narrow waterway, the stone prison lurks dark and silent. From the splendor of the Doge's presence a narrow stone passage led as if through and into the solid rock, down into dreadful caverns beneath the water, and whoever defied the will or thwarted the schemes of the sovereign power went down into these depths of darkness and despair and was seen no more.

Looking upon these massive, impenetrable walls, these tortuous, terrible passages, these sunless and hopeless cells, one must see that power was absolute. Resistance was useless. More fearful, if that be possible—from the Campanile, gazing out into the wide Adriatic sunshine, the careless listener suddenly shivers to hear carelessly repeated the story of long, hooded protuberances in the roof below him—windows of the chamber of torture—where despotism struggled against thought with such weapons as despotism must.

And yet—incredible, inexplicable but indisputable—it is the Doges who have disappeared; it is human mind chained to the gondola benches, buried beneath solid walls under water, crushed and torn in torture chambers, which conquered, which prevailed, which is free to-day. The Doges and their pride and their hatreds are gone, and in their very haunts, their strongest fastnesses, the thought which they steadfastly and successfully held in thrall mocks at their conceit and egotism, laughs to scorn their haughty assumption and does not so much assert as unconsciously exercise the liberty they loathed.

Below the Campanile stretches the narrow island to which once the despised Jewish race was confined. Now the finest house in Venice, regal with twisted marble and frescoed ceiling line sculptured panel, a palace in which a long and of annointed kings came to an insignificant end by the death of the expatriated and discrowned heir—a palace, to put it in the language of modern times, whose staircase alone cost 700,000f.—is the home of a Jew. Nay, if any thrifty New England farmer, or any retired Omaha grocer, would like to spend what remains of life in marble halls, I can direct him to a stone palace, with all the facade and mouldings and fine wooden carvings and old stone lions and balusters and splashing fountains in statued courts, for such case made and provided, of all of which he can become possessed by payment of the modest sum of $5,000.

A palace that cost 240,000 golden ducats in its golden day is at this moment in the vulgar market praying some vulgar purchaser to buy it at 25,000f. The Lion's Mouth, where once a lion's head in marble frowned through the outer wall of the Doge's Palace and any spy or informer who chose to destroy an enemy could mount the stone steps of the Giants' Staircase, pass between the marble gods and drop a silent letter into the marble mouth, through whose marble throat it dropped into silent hands within the palace—mouth and marble and fateful hands are all gone save one ignoble slit in the wall for the impudent modern world to stare at.

The absolutism which reared these superb abodes through the mysterious twilight of history is supplanted by the merry and frugal irreverence of the nineteenth century, and a successful American commission merchant fares sumptuously at five francs a day in the apartments of princes, calling it the Hotel de Something or other; where my lady leaned over her balcony the better to hear her lover's lute in serenade on the moonlit water, a furniture dealer arrays his wares to tempt the unbegulled traveler, and royalty can never have a homelier box on the ear than in sailing proudly down the grand canal to see that the Queen of Cyprus was born in a pawnbroker's shop.

For the golden gondola, it is but a model, a toy, kept under glass, as dead as the Doge who sailed it, and a modern steamboat lords it up and down, whose goufaloniers are any prince or peasant, beggar or banker, that can steal or earn a copper coin or two worth one American cent.

How to Obtain Sunbeams.

Every one should have them. Have what? Staunton's Sunbeam Photographs $1 per dozen. Studio southwest corner Yonge and Adelaide streets.

Sarah Bernhardt's Medallions.

Sarah Bernhardt has an antique girdle of medallions, on which are the signs of the zodiac in superb chasing. The zone was a gift from Napoleon, who received it from Abdallah Bey of Egypt. She is never without it; sometimes it is worn about her dress, and sometimes around her neck. It holds the gathers of house and stage dresses, and always encircles her night robes. Aside from the worship of the girdle she loves a knife, "because it cuts, and is true—cruelly true." In all great undertakings she keeps a blade in her hand or before her eyes as a reminder that failure may be mended but never made perfect. Mrs. Langtry wears on one of her long tapering fingures a turquoise as big and beautiful as the gem Shylock mourned for. The ring and she are inseparable. There is never a glove so snug that it cannot be coaxed over the solitaire, and on the stage, when it might be considered poor taste to wear it in view, the stone is turned towards the palm, or dropped in the bosom of her bodice. Both the gift and the wish were bestowed by royalty. Mme. Marie Roze has a small ivory crucifix, the gift of her dying mother, who bade her cherish it with reverence, and burn a taper before it whenever the way seemed dark and dreary. In her stateroom on the ocean mad winds and wild waves have no terror for her while burns the sacred taper at the foot of the ivory cross, and in the theater no earthly power could induce her to go before the footlights until her devotions had been made.

His Spine Was Wrong.

"Mr. Smith gone abroad?"

"Yes; my husband is on the continent for his health.

"I thought he was well enough."

"No; there was a weakness in the spinal column of his ledger."

The Rising Sun.

Old Wimple (solemnly)—Young man, to attain success in this world we must be up and doing. Do you ever see the sun rise?

Young Man—Yes, sir, occasionally.

"When?"

"On my way home."

A Useful Appendage.

Mrs. Griggs—Then you don't have to rely on the barometer to find out when there is going to be a storm?

Mrs. Briggs—Oh, dear, no. Grandfather's rheumatic leg is just splendid. I don't know what we'd do without grandfather.

Terribly Broken.

"And are you really so badly broke, my friend?" he said, as he tendered the tramp a penny.

"Broke?" was the bitter response. "I'm as badly broke as the ten commandments."

Hopelessly Incompetent.

First actor—The new man they've got at the Star is a regular stuff.

Second actor—Poor actor, is he?

First actor—Poor? Why, he can't even imitate Irving!

A Hopeless Quest.

The Deacon—Mr. Feathers, I'd like to get a good parrot; one that isn't tricky, and won't pick up slang, you know.

Feathers—Don't see what I can do for you, sir. I don't keep stuffed birds.

THE

"CALIGRAPH" TYPEWRITER

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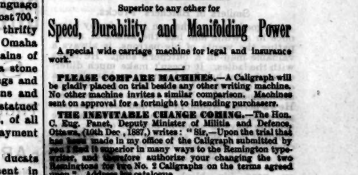

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THE INEVITABLE CHANGE COMING.—The Hon. C. Eug. Panet, Deputy Minister of Militia and Defence, Ottawa, (15th Dec., 1887,) writes: "Sir,—Upon the trial that has been made in my office of the Caligraph submitted by you I find it superior in many ways to the Remington typewriter, and therefore authorize your changing the two Remingtons for two No. 2 Caligraphs on the terms agreed upon." Address for catalogue

A. J. HENDERSON,

General Agent, 18 Adelaide street E., Toronto.

Out of Town.

OTTAWA.

The Liberal receptions held every Saturday night have been quite a feature of the session, which is fast drawing to a close. Mrs. Mackenzie, wife of the ex-Premier, and Madame Laurier, wife of the present leader of the Opposition, were the organizers of these weekly social gatherings, and they have done a great service to the party to which they may be said to be wedded. The receptions have been of the most simple and informal character, and have been not the less enjoyable on that account. They have been held in the parlors of the Grand Union Hotel. They have been, of course, distinctively Liberal meetings, but quite a number of gentlemen identified with the other party have occasionally put in an appearance. Especially has this been the case with the ladies, showing that society permits of no party divisions. Both Mrs. Mackenzie and Mrs. Laurier have contributed greatly to their success. Mrs. Mackenzie wields a remarkable influence in society here. Her dignity, sweetness and womanly courage have charmed all. There is not a lady in Ottawa who commands such universal respect and admiration. The sterling old statesman, stricken in health, whose mainstay she is, forms a familiar figure at all receptions. Weakened in body, and his voice reduced almost to a whisper, he yet shows marvellous brightness of mind. There is no man who creates more interest as he walks up to the Parliament buildings of an afternoon, than this wonderful old man who rose from the mallet and chisel of a stonemason to the Premiership of the Dominion, and who now sits in the House where he was master, ever silent and motionless.

Talking about the non-political feeling in society, it becomes more and more apparent that divisions in Parliament will not be allowed to create divisions in the parlor. At an At Home given by Mrs. Perley, wife of the member for Ottawa, the other night the following were present: Lady Tupper, Lady Macdonald, Madame Laurier, Mrs. Mackenzie, Mrs. A. G. Jones, Mrs. Casey and a large number of others having husbands and fathers and even brothers arrayed against each other in the frowning camps in the legislative chamber.

The banquet to Lord Lansdowne at the Russell on Tuesday was the grandest thing of the kind ever seen in Ottawa. You have had long reports of the proceedings and the speeches, and therefore I need say nothing about them. The nicest thing, to my mind, about the whole affair was the little reception held by Lady Lansdowne in the ladies' ordinary in the hotel. This was very pleasant, and those who shook hands with her ladyship for probably the last time felt genuine grief.

WATCHMAN.

BARRIE.

Another enjoyable evening was spent on Thursday, May 10, at Sans Souci, the residence of Mrs. Bird. The guests were very numerous, among whom I noticed Captain and Mrs. Bird, Miss Schreiber, Miss Kortright, the Misses Foster, Miss Reiner, Miss Boys, Miss Campbell, Miss Hornsby, Miss Hewitt, Miss Murphy, the Misses Stevenson, the Misses Baker, Miss Stewart, Miss Way, Miss Sanford, Miss Cotter, Mrs. Sanford, Dr. W. A. Ross, Dr. A. E. Ardagh, Messrs. T. R. Boys, E. R. Morton, G. Morton, McGregor, F. H. Lauder, W. Campbell, H. C. Crease, Hornsby, Rogerson, McVittie, L. G. McCarthy, Andros, Porter, Esters, E. Bird of Orangeville, Schreiber, T. Baker, F. Baker, Creswicke, Bourne, Gillett. Toward the middle of the evening Miss Ruth Bird was taken somewhat seriously ill. This occurrence slightly marred the pleasure of the evening. My readers will be glad to hear that Miss Bird is recovering.

If the ladies of Barrie would have their parties toward the beginning of the week the report would appear in SATURDAY NIGHT the same week. As it is now the week after is the earliest time it can be reported upon.

The Lawn Tennis Club have reorganized for the coming season. Tennis bids fair to have lots of participants this year. The lawn is being repaired and enlarged, a club house is to be built, and future tennis champions may yet be heard of from Barrie.

Mr. E. Bird of Orangeville is home for a few days.

Mr. Thos. R. Boys spent last week in Toronto on his civil service examinations. May success await him.

Lieut. Hugh Kortright was home on leave from "C" School, Toronto, over Sunday.

VERITAS.

CHATHAM.

Mrs. W. E. Griswold left on Thursday for Denver.

Mr. A. F. Falls of the Merchants' Bank has resigned from that institution and will shortly succeed the late H. J. J. Campbell, as accountant of S. Barfoot's bank here.

Mr. F. W. Atkinson left Friday week for the Rocky Mountains, where he intends to engage in farming.

FEDORA.

The Cradle, the Altar and the Tomb

Births.

Tennant, Mrs. Walter S., on the 12th inst., at Toronto—a daughter.

Schwartz, Mrs. W. H., on the 5th inst., at Chicago—a daughter.

Cassels, Mrs. R. S., on the 12th inst., at Toronto—a daughter.

Grey, Mrs. F. A., on the 15th inst., at Oshawa—a daughter.

Marriages.

Knight—Phillips—On the 9th inst., by the Rev. J. T. Caldwell, M.A., B.D., at Teston, William Knight to Lute A. Phillips.

Irwin—Adamson—At the residence of the bride's aunt, Mrs. S. Barnhardt, 181 Richmond street west, on Wednesday the 16th inst., by Rev. D. J. Macdonnell, George Irwin of Cookstville, to Mary Olive, only daughter of the late Charles Adamson of Streetsville.

Costello—Cooper—On the 4th inst., at Trinity Mission Chapel, Chicago, by the Rev. T. D. Phillips, Walter H. Costello to Annie Lillian, daughter of C. W. Cooper, barrister, formerly of Toronto.

Deaths.

Rogers, Mrs. John, at 180 Gerrard street east, aged 63.

Parker, Wm. Alfred, in Montreal, on the 6th inst., aged 10 years and 2 months.

Ryckman, Mrs. Elvia, in London, on the 10th inst., aged 47.

Schoff, Robert, in the Township of Lobo, on the 9th inst., aged 48.

Macdonald, John, in Hamilton, on the 8th inst., aged 52.

Saunders, Jessie Galbraith, at Hat Portage, on the 9th inst.

Daniels, James, at Richmond Hill, on the 15th inst.

Charles, John, at 595 St. Clarence avenue, on the 16th inst., aged 56.

McLennan, Christina, at Toronto Junction, on the 13th inst., aged 67.

Tounson, Joseph, at Toronto, on the 13th inst., aged 22.

Newlove, Charlotte, in Etobicoke Township, on the 2nd inst., aged 57.

Hughes, Mary Ann, at Orangeville, on the 12th inst., aged 63.

Sutherland, John, at Cookstown, on the 8th inst., aged 81.

Stauber, Mrs. Charlotte, at Fernwood, Balmy Beach, on the 8th inst., aged 48.

McFaul, Rev. A., at Caledon, on the 12th inst., aged 54.

Schlenker, Thomas, at Ridgetown, on the 11th inst., aged 81.

Smilers in Butchers' Frocks.

"A good smiler who can tell a funny story once in a while and has the knack of anticipating the wants of his patrons, is always a valuable man in a butcher's shop. He takes with the ladies. It doesn't make much difference whether he's handsome or as homely as a quarter of beef so long as he's agreeable and accommodating. Now, there's my partner. He's a perfect Apollo in face and form, but he's got a temper that's nearly as uncertain as the settling days of some of our customers. One moment he'll smile and chat affably with his customers, but again he'll close up tighter'n one of Nels Morris' corn beef cans. The ladies don't like him, and they won't go near his block if they can get a show at mine. Now, I haven't the best temper in the world, but since I went behind a meat block twelve years ago I've learned that it pays to smile and be pleasant. You can work in a bigger piece of bone in a steak or roast, and you're surer that your customer is coming back than if you're out of sorts. The ladies insist upon dealing with agreeable people, and they won't have anything to do with any other kind. That is why a good smiler is a valuable man in a meat market."

This bit of homely philosophy came from a successful east end butcher the other night, and it proves that the men who carve loins and chops are thinking of something more than the chunk of bone they must chop out. They are close students of human nature, and they use the result of their studies for all it is worth.

Hardships.

Kind old lady (to boy)—Little boy, where are you going with that pail?

Little boy—Me fadder sent me out to work de growler.

"Do the hardships of children! And what did your poor mother say?

She sed to tell ole Geinzenheimer dat de las' time he didn't give full measure.

How to Get Rid of Him.

A middle aged but rich widow, who had a very disagreeable temper, being in fact a perfect virago, complained to her son-in-law that she was annoyed by the attentions of a certain man.

"How shall I get rid of him?" she asked?

"Marry him," laconically replied the son-in-law.

"I'd see him hanged first."

"Just marry him, and it won't be long before he'll hang himself."

Used to Confinement.

Darktown Merchant—You says dat your son would hab the necessary qualifications for a clerk, do you? Would he bear the confinement?

Mrs. Sam G. H. Johnson—Yes sah! He hab had lots of experience in dat line. Why, sah, he stayed in jail for two whole years.

A Bad Omen.

Visitor (who expects to stay to dinner)—"Do you think, really, that it is a bad omen when there are thirteen at the table?"

Mrs. Yergue—"Yes, if there's only victuals enough for twelve."

Ball Talk.

Dude—"Your brother is engaged in mercantile pursuits, is he not?"

She—"I have no brother."

"Yes, I know it; but a feller must say something, you know."

All He Could Call His Own.

Woman (to tramp who has eaten a whole mince pie)—"You seem to have a good appetite." Tramp (with tears in his eyes—"Yes, madam, that is all that I have left in the world which I can rightly call my own."

How a Fish Drinks.

At the club: Algernon—"Poor Jinks! He's certainly going to the dogs. Drinks like a fish."

Fitz-Percy—"Dwinks like a fish? By the way, that always, did—yer know—seem to me a wewy awd expwession. How do fishes dwink, anyhow?"

Algernon—"They drink just like poor Jinks. By the gill."

Exactly.

It is currently reported that a young lady at a concert on Wednesday evening last informed her escort in response to his inquiry that Joan of Arc was one of Noah's seven daughters.

He Got Even.

First Club Man (heatedly)—All I have to say is that I consider you a puppy.

Second Ditto (coolly)—If that were the case I could take the first prize at the dog show, and that's more than you can say.

First Man—How so?

Second Ditto—You lack the necessary pedigree and breeding.

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Large Chorus. Efficient Orchestra.

Madame D'AURIA, Mrs. BRADLEY, Miss HILLARY, Miss BUNTON, Mr. BLIGHT and others will assist.

Subscribers desiring extra tickets should apply at once.

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